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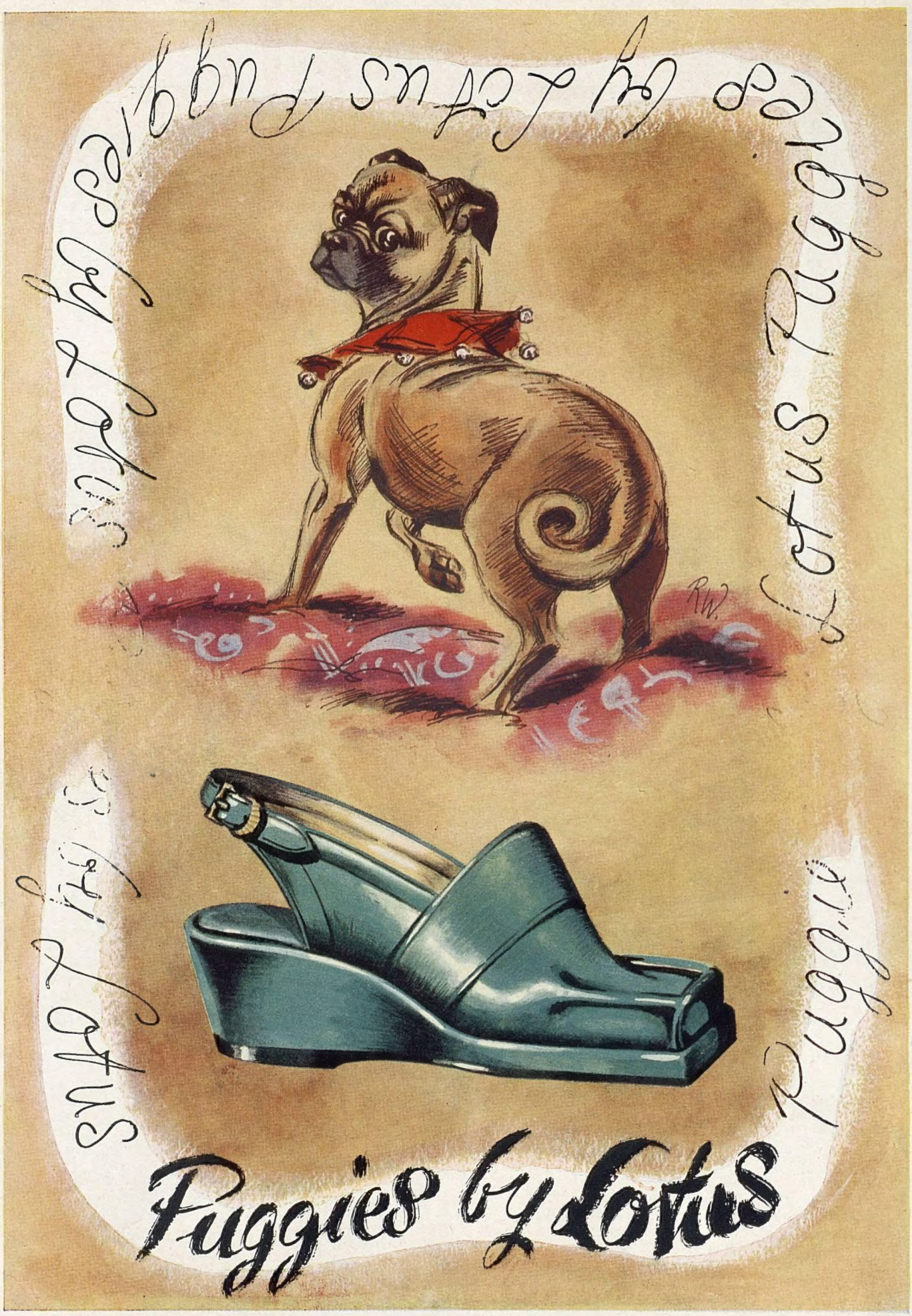
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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 36 No. 4 APRIL, 1948

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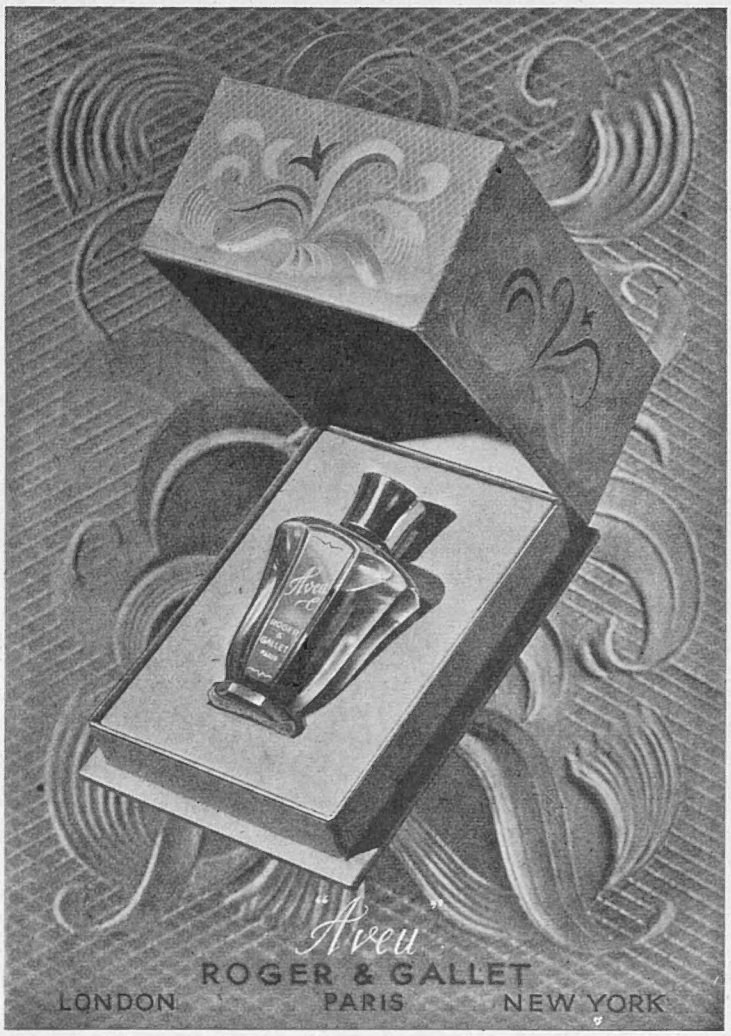

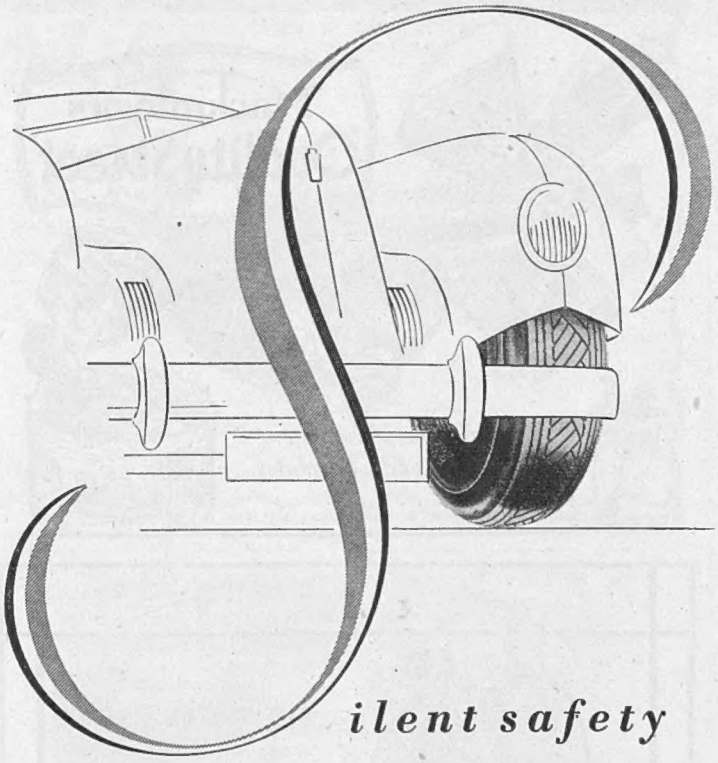

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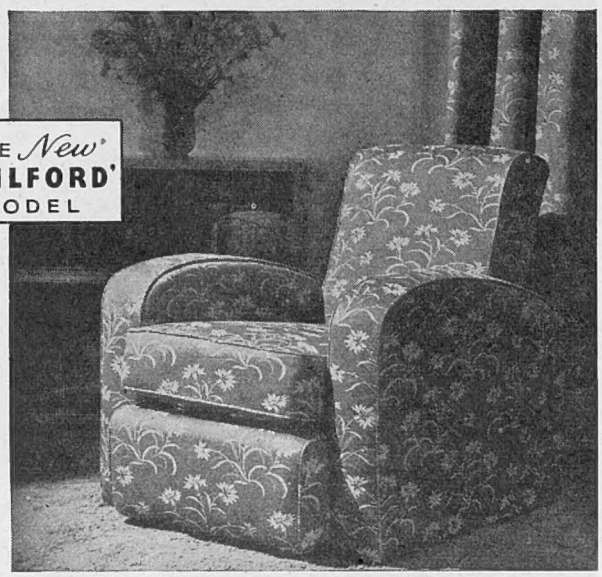

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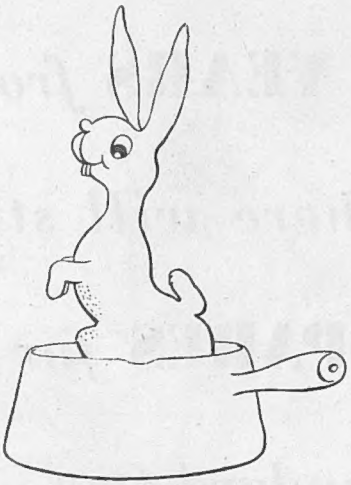

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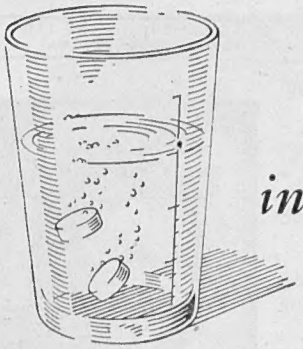

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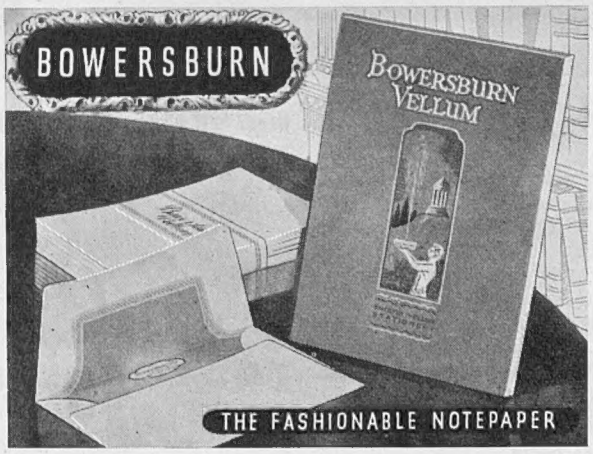

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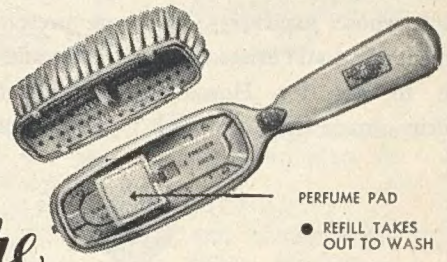

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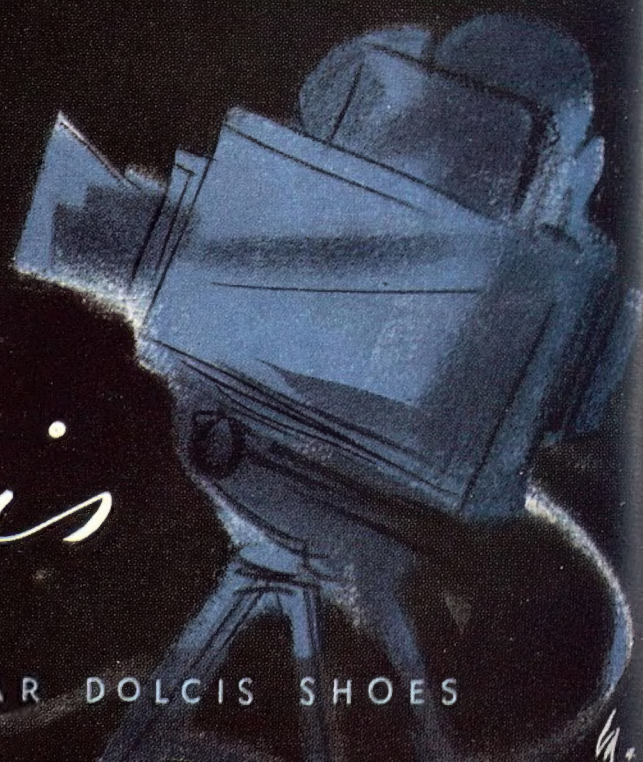


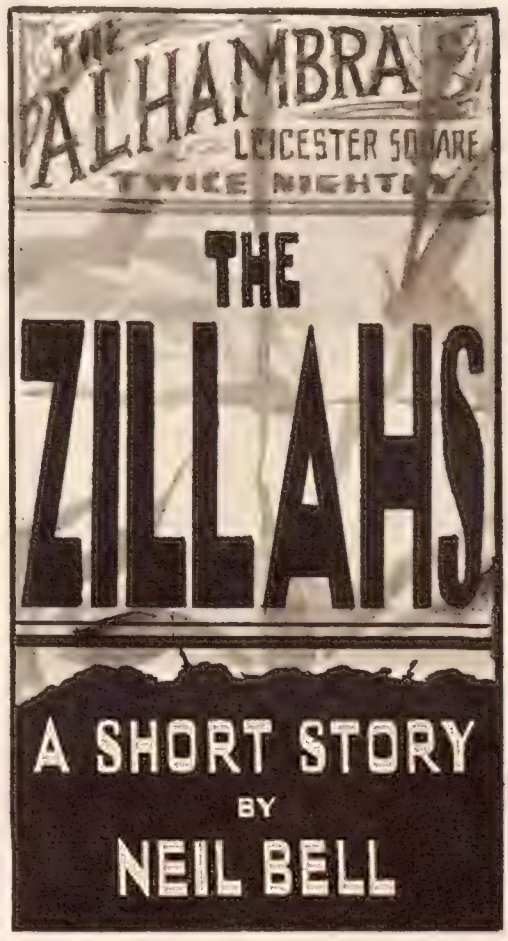
J·ARTHUR RANK STARS WEAR DOLCIS SHOES

Britannia and Eve

They were especially popular with London audiences, and particularly at the Alhambra

IF you can take your memory back five-and-thirty years you may remember the Thought-reading Act given by the Zancigs. They appeared at all the music halls for a number of years, and were especially popular with London audiences, and particularly at the Alhambra. Their act was much discussed in the Press, and all sorts of psychic powers were claimed (notably by Conan Doyle) for Julius Zancig and his wife, although never by themselves. They refused to be drawn into the controversy. They presented their act and said, in effect, "There it is; make what you like of it." But among their few intimate friends they made no secret about their methods. "We are conjurers," Julius said; "with us, as with all other conjurers, it is the quickness of the hand or," and here he smiled, "sometimes the voice, which deceives. The perfection of any conjurer's act lies in practise; constant practise; practise, practise, practise. Before we put our act on the halls, my wife and I put in twelve hours work daily for over a year."

But before the Zancigs, many years before, there were the Zillahs. They were the first and far and away the greatest of all the thought-reading acts that have appeared in our music halls. Their act was, literally, thought-reading or telepathy; and I write this fully aware that scientific opinion to-day not only denies that thought-reading can be consciously exercised at will, but questions the possibility of such mental activities in any circumstances. For one as admittedly ignorant of scientific matters as I am to make such a claim may seem presumptuous, indeed, impudent; but what other explanation is there of the astonishing story of the Zillahs' Act? I shall doubtless be told that it is because there are links missing in the chain, because facts have been withheld from me, that I have mistaken for true thought-readng what was no more than clever conjuring. Well, let us see.



THE Zillahs (Simone and Yvonne) first appeared at the Palace, Liverpool, in September 1890. They were twins—identical twins—twenty years of age, small, dark and exceedingly pretty. You will probably have heard the saying that identical twins are one person in two bodies. One could believe that in the company of the Zillahs.

Alike as two peas is a poor comparison: they were as alike each other as you are like your reflection in a looking-glass. And their voices were alike. More than like: they were the same. It was the same voice whether it was Yvonne using it or Simone. They were, by the by, of English nationality: Zillah, as well as their Christian names, being stage adoptions.

In the Zancig act, Mrs. Zancig always remained on the stage while Julius passed among the audience, taking articles from them and examining them. He talked incessantly: "What's this? And this? Now this? This?" and so on; and as he talked he twiddled with his watch-chain or made other apparently casual movements with his hands.

With the Zillahs it was entirely different. Sometimes Simone and sometimes Yvonne went in among the audience, but whichever one it was the procedure was the same. She did not take any of the objects proffered her, but simply examined them without touching them. She did not speak; nor did she move her hands, arms or body, but kept her back to her sister on the stage, who almost instantly

described in detail what her twin had been examining.

IT was, in a way, an uncanny performance. Nothing was too difficult for them, and never once were they defeated, either during a public performance or in the course of one of the private tests to which they willingly submitted themselves. To see a member of the audience show Simone a letter, and as she read it to herself to hear Yvonne from the stage reading it aloud, was something no one who witnessed it could ever forget. And in a test arranged at the offices of the *Westminster Gazette*, Yvonne in one room was given the first ten verses of the eighth chapter of Ecclesiastes to read to herself, and Simone in a room at the other end of the building immediately wrote them down. At this same private test Simone was given a drawing to copy, and as she copied it in one room Yvonne made the same drawing in another room ; and the two drawings, examined together afterwards, were found to be identical in every line.

AT this time, a young tenor whose stage name was Harry Lyndon had become the vogue in London almost overnight. He was not what is called a straight singer, but appeared in what were known as Song Scenas. The curtain would rise to show, for example, a small tent and a camp-fire with a billy-can of stew bubbling over it. A red glow from the fire dimly lit the scene. And then Lyndon (always billed as The Troubadour) would stroll on dressed as something between a Texas cowboy and an Australian sheep-farmer, and sing in a tenor voice of remarkable purity and sweetness ("sugary," some said) an appropriate song. Usually he wrote the words and music for his songs, but in some of his best the words were by Fred Weatherly or Clifton Bingham, and the music by Leslie Stuart or Stephen Adams.

Lyndon was a romantic-looking young fellow and those were sentimental times, so that we need not smile too cynically or too dubiously upon the many tales of the broken hearts which were said to litter his path.

Illustrations by Frank M. Lea

rather crude and coarse sort of jests that were bandied about, but they were good-natured enough and hurt no one and amused many.

Nobody seemed to know when the marriage was to take place, and if anyone asked either of the principals concerned, this perhaps legitimate and friendly inquisitiveness was left unsatisfied.

There was, of course, some speculation as to whether Yvonne would continue her act with Simone after her marriage. The general opinion, and I imagine it was a pretty sound one, was that she would not. However, that was for the future to disclose. The Zillahs went on with their act (as, indeed, they were in honour bound to do in accordance with their contracts) and The Troubadour continued to win at least all feminine hearts with his Song Scenas.

was off the halls for nearly six months, and then, in the following April, it was billed at the Alhambra. And it was billed as "The Zillahs."

It was generally thought that Simone had taken a partner, but when the curtain went up on the Monday evening she stood alone on the big stage and received a tremendous ovation.

That audience was privileged to be the first to watch a memorable performance, and one the like of which had never before been witnessed and, after Simone retired from the stage, never since. She came right up to the footlights and told the hushed audience what she wanted done. Whoever wished an article described, an addressed envelope or note or newspaper cutting read, was to signal that wish by holding up a hand. Simone then gave instructions that the article should be

Sometimes Simone and sometimes Yvonne went in among the audience, but whichever one it was the procedure was the same. She did not take any of the objects proffered her, but simply examined them without touching them

It was early in 1892 that he appeared for the first time in the same programme as The Zillahs. It was at The Oxford and The Zillahs were top of the bill.

Barely a month later the dressing-rooms were buzzing with the news that Lyndon and Yvonne Zillah were going to be married. You can imagine the

THAT November they were all three again in the same programme at the Oxford, and after the Saturday-night show Lyndon went out to supper with Yvonne. They were driving in a hansom and at the corner of Shaftesbury Avenue the horse bolted, being frightened, it was said, by a blast of hot sulphureous smoke blown up through one of the gratings of the old Underground Railway. The cab was dashed against a lamp-standard and Yvonne was instantly killed, Lyndon and the driver getting off with a few cuts and bruises.

It was the fashion to talk of broken hearts then, and it was freely said that both Lyndon's and Simone's hearts were broken. It is certainly true to say that they were very grievously distressed.

That, said everyone, puts an end to the Zillahs' act. Everyone was wrong. It

held so it could be clearly seen by those in the two neighbouring seats. This being done, she stood still, with half-closed eyes, while one might have slowly counted ten; and then, as in the old Zillah act, came the clear and absolutely accurate description.

THAT, briefly, was now the Zillah act. The Press next day, and, in fact, for long afterwards, discussed this amazing turn at considerable length, and the opinions of many men eminent in medicine and in scientific research were canvassed and printed. Why was not Simone herself asked for an explanation? She was, and her reply intensified the mystery: "I still work with my sister," she said, and her tone and manner almost seemed to suggest that it should have been obvious to everyone. But the

implications of that were too much for ordinary, hard-headed, matter-of-fact people, and these (the majority) fell back upon the inadequate and quite unsatisfactory: "Of course it's a trick and a marvellous one; but still, a trick." But there has never been a stage trick that has not been fathomed and copied. Why has no one ever come forward to do what Simone Zillah did for nearly a year? During that year she submitted herself to one private test, and only one. It was held at the offices of the *Globe* newspaper and she emerged from it triumphantly. Various objects, including newspaper cuttings and small pictures, were set out on a table in the editor's room and in another room Simone, after sitting perfectly still for some minutes and obviously under great emotional strain, described or read them. Following this amazing demonstration she had a slight nervous breakdown and was unable to appear at the halls for nearly a week. She refused to undergo any further private tests, saying they were too exhausting.

LET me at this point be perfectly frank and say where I stand in the matter. I believe that the performance of Yvonne and Simone Zillah, when they were both alive, was authentic thought-transference. And I believe that after Yvonne's death Simone, in her own quiet words, still worked with her sister.

But the story is not all done, and I think what followed will be considered by reasonable people to support my belief. About ten months after Yvonne's death Lyndon and Simone announced their engagement. In many quarters the news was not altogether unexpected. It would, indeed, be nearer the truth to say that of the many people who knew Lyndon and Simone, both on the stage and off, few had not thought it bound to happen sooner or later. Presently it became known that the wedding was taking place early in the New Year and that Simone intended leaving the stage on her marriage.

The curtain rose slowly, and there was Simone standing in the centre of the stage, close up to the footlights. There was no ovation; no applause; the house remained hushed; everyone was waiting

HER last week was at the Alhambra. It opened on Monday, February 12, and closed on the Saturday night. No larger audience has ever packed that famous hall. Expectation was afoot. There was throughout the great building the vague yet excited feeling that something was going to happen. Simone's turn was due to come on about a quarter to ten. The previous turn was Tom Hearn, the Laziest Juggler on Earth, and never had that fine artist been watched with such impatience. The curtain at last came slowly down as he retired to a perfunctory flutter of applause; and the house fell so utterly silent that the shifting of a foot, the movement of an arm, the handling of a programme, became gratingly audible. The tension increased until it was barely endurable. And then the orchestra began playing very softly the song that Harry Lyndon had made so popular, "Love's Old Sweet Song." The curtain rose slowly, and there was Simone standing in the centre of the stage, close up to the footlights. There was no ovation; no applause; the house remained hushed; everyone was waiting. And then the performance opened with her customary request: "Will a lady or gentleman please begin," and a man's hand was raised about the middle of the third row of the orchestra stalls.

Simone called out, "Very good, Sir," and stood waiting; and the packed audience, the tension relieved, relaxed and, sat listening for her to describe what the man in the stalls was holding. Usually there was a period of some ten to fifteen seconds before she began; but now a half-minute ticked away and another, and she stood there silent. The eyes of everyone watched her and saw the calm serenity of her expression change to bewilderment and then to horror. Another full minute went by while she stood there, and people began to call out and others angrily shouted for silence, while from a dozen parts of the hall came the attendants' reiterated: "Quiet, please."

And then Simone stretched out her arms as if in appeal, and crying, "Yvonne! Yvonne!" crumpled into a heap of blue drapery against the footlights as the manager hurried from the wings to her assistance and the curtain came down.

THERE is nothing more to be told that will throw any light upon The Zillahs and their performance. Lyndon and Simone were married that Easter. They were killed in the great San Francisco earthquake of 1906. I was nine years old when that catastrophe occurred. Had they lived a few years longer I am sure I should have been able to supply the missing links in the chain of this strange, disturbing story, for I do not doubt that when my mother considered I was old enough to be given all the facts she would have given me them. For Simone Zillah was my mother and I was the only child of her marriage. [END]

Golden Words

Books Which Have Made Fortunes For Their Authors

By C. Patrick Thompson

I BLINKED at my publisher friend when he said, "Got any ideas for a One-Gun Pete?"

It was my first contact with the latest literary market slang. Translated, it means did I know anybody who, having been involved in great or notorious events, which still held fascination for the public, would tell his personal story—for a price, of course, for a price.

A One-Gun Pete differs from the professional writer's routine product in that the publisher expects only one discharge. But that one should be a blast. Hitler did it with *Mein Kampf*. He is believed to have made about £1,000,000 out of that one book, which probably topped all sales except the works of Shakespeare and the Bible. Not that he played fair. He boosted his sales by making his book required reading, and a "must" for every patriotic German's shelf.

After world war one we had a spate of One-Guns. Lloyd George headed the list with his war story. It brought him some £100,000.

Winston Churchill will do better with his massive tale, which draws on all the secrets that came to him as Prime Minister and war leader, and starts back in 1931–32—not that Winston is a One-Gun man. Colonel House cashed in on his secrets as President Wilson's Man Friday (he got only £1,500 from the late Lord Burnham of the *Telegraph* for his serial rights here, *The Times* dismissing him with a contemptuous offer of £300); and von Bülow made quite a packet, telling the tale of what went on backstage in the Wilhelmstrasse and Kaiser Bill's palaces. Pershing got about $100,000 for his Generalissimo's story.

WORLD war two has produced a larger spate and higher prices. Captain Butcher got in on a very quick draw with his chatty tale of life and people at Eisenhower's headquarters. Laval wrote his defence for his lawyer. After they shot him, his daughter sold his apologia. Ciano kept a diary. His widow cashed in on it. A Goebbels diary was picked up in Germany. It, too, has been sold on the market. James Byrnes as Secretary of State was in on all the conferences with Russia from Yalta to New York. Retired, he sold his story, establishing with the proceeds a charitable trust to commemorate his mother's name (no tax on such trust funds). Hull and Morgenthau sell their respective stories. Patton, that slapdash tank commander, whom some swore by and others swore at—his enemies think him the model for the pistol-totin' general in John Hershey's *A Bell for Adano*—kept a diary. Unluckily he broke his neck motoring to keep a date with driven pheasants in Germany, and so did not survive to profit by its high-priced sale to the *Saturday Evening Post*.

A run-of-the-mill young officer named Farran got into the headlines, and out of the Service, through getting involved in a little trouble in Palestine. His story immediately acquires a high value. Sold to a big-circulation Sunday paper, it will have a subsequent large sale as a book. The abdicated King of England writes his memoirs, and sells them for a fortune—£30,000 in the British Empire and Europe, more in America.

ONE could protract the list. But it's too easy to dismiss these things as sure-fire successes, easy money for publishers and editors who speculate in them. They're a gamble. Some thought the Windsor story wouldn't command much attention. One publisher friend remarked to me with a shrug: "No one's interested in that young man any more" (odd how they still call the over-fifty Duke "that young man"). A Dominions editor who considered the story thought it worth £500, no more. An editor with a shrewder knowledge of what people want paid £3,000 for rights in that Dominion. Most of the papers running it have found it the biggest attraction they ever had. And quite a few editors are surprised to find the old adage remains true: people love to read of royalty.

Twenty years ago the publishers forgot that. One after another they rejected a detailious autobiography which they found boring. It was titled: *The Education of a Princess* by the Grand Duchess Marie. At last a firm thought it might sell four or five thousand copies and took it on. They were stunned by an immediate sell-out and rush orders for tens of thousands more. It turned out to be the biggest non-fiction seller of its year. The Princess helped. She made personal appearances and autographed copies in the big stores.

(*Continued on page* 54)

Island

Restless Men And Women Are A Surprising Number Of Them Less Than A Lonely

By Albert A. Brandt

HAVE you ever dreamed of sailing away to an island in some far-off tropical sea? You probably arrived just at dawn when the air was sweet, and the white sand of the beach was cool underfoot. Birds were singing in the lush trees, wild flowers were blooming everywhere, and strange tropical fruits were hanging heavy to your hand. If you were very young you were alone in your dream; but if you were older your beloved was by your side.

You stood surveying your new kingdom, planning a thatched hut here, a store house there—and a garden, and a place for the animals. For this was to be your home for life, and your children would inherit it, and their children after them. Only happiness would be permitted here. No quarrels with neighbours, no taxes, no lost jobs, no poverty, no misery of any kind. This, at last, would be paradise on earth.

Defoe became immortal in the telling of this dream in *Robinson Crusoe*—not because the book was so marvellously done, but because there is a little of the hermit in all of us, and a little of the king, and on a lonely isle a man can be a hermit king. That is why the stories of islands of the sea are always new.

To-day there are many would-be Crusoes and there is a veritable boom in island real estate. From the bleak waters off the Alaskan coast to the sun-drenched atolls of the South Seas restless men and women are searching for a haven, and a surprising number of them will be satisfied with nothing less than a lonely isle. Many of them are still fleeing from the last war; others are trying to avoid the next, and the threat of the atomic bomb. But most of them are simply dissatisfied with the world as it is, and want to make a better one of their own.

Territorial Governor Ingram Steinbeck in Honolulu has had so many requests for island property he has had to send out form letters referring all such inquiries to the Federal Surplus Property Office. The Chilean Ministry of the Interior, long proud of being the custodian of Mas a Tierra, the original Robinson Crusoe island, has now begun to doubt the benefits of such fame. They, too, are being harassed by requests for permission to buy, beg or borrow squatting space on the island, or any other of the Juan Fernandez group.

The Colonial Office became involved early in 1947 as a result of a small news report in the *Daily Mail*. The report stated that a new chief, Tamafalga II, had recently been installed in the island of Manono, one of the Solomon chain. Tamafalga II, the report added, is none other than Robert Gibbings, the famous author, artist and sculptor! Immediately letters began to pour in requesting the names of other islands where a white chief would be welcomed with proper respect and adulation.

IT is a daring man who offers an island for sale, these days. A small islet off the Scottish coast was advertised for sale in a London paper recently, and the poor owner was swamped under a deluge of 1,500 replies. But the Fullerd-Leos are the real martyrs of the present boom. In 1922 they bought a cluster of coral islets about 900 miles south of Honolulu, paying the then large sum of $15,000 for the property. When the war came the U.S. Navy moved in on them and established a million dollar air base and weather station. After the war, the U.S. Navy seemed to feel that they had more right there than did the Fullerd-Leo's; but the courts decided otherwise and left the couple in control. They probably expected a little well-deserved peace, but their troubles were only beginning. The case received considerable publicity, and when the court decision came through in their favour many people began to plague them to sell out, to take in settlers, or to go back to civilization and hire them as caretakers. Some of the offers for the atolls were reported to be fantastically high, but the owners insist that their property is not for sale. All they want is a chance to regain their lost solitude.

Decoration by

Fever

If you really want an island you can probably find one; but before you sail away it might be worth while for you to consider first the experiences of some of the people who have already tried the life of a water-bound hermit. One of the most famous cases is that of Dr. Hans Ritter and his beautiful young companion, Dore Strauch. The young doctor had a thriving practice in Berlin in the early 1920's, but he was disgusted with modern life and wanted to escape before he was too old. In Dore Strauch he found another discontented soul, and together they began to make definite plans to go away together. They read every book they could find which contained authentic descriptions of islands and island life, and finally chose Floriana,

Searching For A Haven, And Will Be Satisfied With Nothing Island Of Their Own

and James E. Payne

one of the Galapagos group situated about 730 miles from Ecuador.

Charles Darwin who visited Floriana on a scientific expedition, called it the "ash heap of the Pacific," and other descriptions painted a no less dubious picture of its attractions; but Dr. Ritter decided that the ill-repute of the area would guarantee their solitude which, in Berlin, seemed more precious than comfort. They completed their plans, publicly renounced civilization, and set out with a load of supplies sufficient, they thought, for a year.

The adventure was disastrous almost from the beginning. They reached Floriana without incident, but Dr. Ritter soon found that he had under-estimated the rigours of life on a tropical isle. Half of the tools he had brought were useless, and many indispensable items had been left out. They found the area around the beach scorched and desolate, and had to move far inland to find an adequate water supply. Most of their food spoiled, and a large caché of their precious supplies was stolen by "men from a strange ship." To make matters worse, Dore cut her knee to the bone on a sharp rock, and Dr. Ritter was injured in a fall from a tree.

After five months of this "paradise" they received an accidental visit by E. F. MacDonald who was cruising in those waters in his yacht. He found them still alive but on the point of starvation, without medicine or antiseptics, and worst of all without a gun. He tried to persuade them to leave, but when they refused he gave them a fresh batch of supplies and his blessing. He probably saved their lives, but his visit was to have tragic consequences. After he left he sent a radiogram to the Associated Press, and the story of the Ritters was soon known all over the world. Indirectly, this publicity led to their downfall.

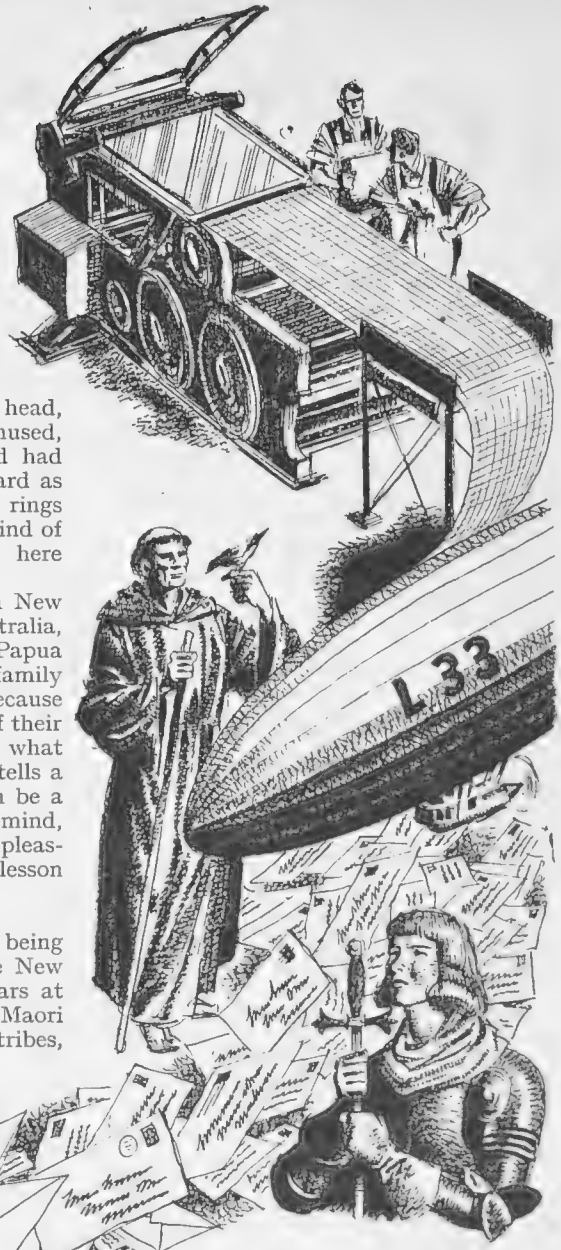
The Satan for their particular Eden proved to be one Baroness Wagner. After reading the news stories she decided that Floriana was just the place she was looking for. She descended on the Ritters one day, accompanied by three men, and announced that she had come to set up her kingdom. Ritter protested furiously, but the Baroness was indomitable and had superior forces. She declared herself Empress of Floriana and named her lover, Philipson, as her consort. Clad only in sandals, a pair of silk panties and a six shooter, she ruled her empire with a fine disregard for any convention except her own desires.

The quarrel between the two rival kingdoms grew increasingly bitter, and finally developed into a shooting war. Ritter (*Continued on page* 51)

Walter Hodges

Say It With Stamps

By Ferdinand Tuohy



THE Post Office said it couldn't issue an Elizabeth and Philip commemorative stamp because nine months' notice had been lacking. More likely were wakefulness and energy lacking, the Department already making a profit of £22,000,000 a year. Immediate contraction of the gestation span, once the slothful lapse stood revealed, left no other conclusion possible.

This month we are to have a silver wedding stamp of the King and Queen, next month an issue commemorating the liberation of the Channel Islands four years before, and in July an Olympic Games stamp. Good. But not good enough. A Government which is forever calling desperately on the public to earn every possible penny by exports, must itself be made to earn good hard currency (a deal of it) simply by issuing special commemorative stamps once or twice annually.

It is truly strange that we have been asleep on this for so long. We originated the postage stamp 108 years ago, but there the pioneering abruptly ended. Not only have our regular stamps been among the dowdiest, dullest and dreariest in philately; a quite considerable revenue has been missed by neglecting special issues, though dozens of foreign States, large and small, have again and again shown us the way. It is hard to recall commemorative stamps that we have had, Coronation issues apart.

Here we at once strike to the bottom of things. There has been too hard and fast a rule of putting only the royal head on our stamps at home, in the Colonies, and other Crown possessions. It is time that Britain followed the bigger, self-governing Commonwealth lands by periodically issuing imaginative and evocative designs in addition to the royal head or heads. Well remembered is the *contretemps* of Mafeking—how Col. Baden-Powell issued a siege stamp bearing his own head, and how the old Queen, far from amused, observed that until then her head had been considered good enough. Heard as a very small boy, that story still rings true to me. But the point is—no kind of suppression of the royal head is here advocated.

Rather shall we take a cue from New Zealand or Newfoundland, Australia, South Africa or Canada, Cyprus, Papua or Trinidad. Others of the British family could be cited. I mention these because I happen to have by me examples of their intermittent non-royal stamps, and what grips one about them is that each tells a story decoratively. The stamp can be a great story-teller. The stamp can remind, can evoke, can publicize, besides pleasantly stirring the mind. Such is the lesson wherever we roam.

THIS commemorative business being of relatively recent growth, the New Zealand stamps go back thirty years at most. They picture the life of Maori tribes, typical members of those tribes, their homes, and their crafts. Maori canoes, houses, and girls, are most popular, in that order.

The best commemorative set ever issued by a British Dominion was Newfoundland's dedication to the life of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. It appeared in 1933 to mark the 350th anniversary of this doomed son of Devon's virgin-landing at St. John's. South Africa rather anticipated the idea by seven years, when it issued a stamp showing Van Riebeek's *Drommedaris* sailing into Table Bay in 1652.

Australia gave us the Kookaburra, alias the "Laughing Jackass," alias "the Bushman's Clock." This bird can be a regular daybreak alarm, rousing even the weariest Aussie and sending him a-waltzing. In 1934 Canada produced a United Empire Loyalists' stamp to mark the 150th anniversary of the migratory arrival of 40,000, women and children included, who refused to accept Washington's severance from England.

Coming to smaller Crown links, a stamp was sanctioned in Cyprus, in 1928, showing the body of the local saint, St. Barnabas, this to commemorate the 50th anniversary of British rule. Papua had a regular beano four years later, with stamps depicting a Motuan girl, tree houses, the bird of paradise, a local dandy, a masked dancer, a shooting fish, and the (*Continued on page* 54)

THE rather forlorn hat came off, exposing a very barren cranium. The eye of Pepi lighted on Fleabite

Spring Cruise

A Sub-Lieutenant Out-Manoeuvres A Spanish Glamour Boy Where A Girl Is Concerned

By Ursula Bloom

H.M.S. *Terrific* swung into the bay of Gibraltar, anchoring in the far vicinity of the Commercial Mole. Instantly the mole became busy with the usual vendors of tin cigarette lighters, and green figs judiciously arranged with a luscious layer on top, and the less saleable—if saleable at all—beneath.

The Sub. looked hopefully ashore.

The Sub. was a fat young man with freckles, and hair that his mother had romantically hoped would be an aristocratic auburn but which was a light and rather distressing ginger. The Sub. was extremely interested, because he knew that Flora Tarne would be staying at the Rock Hotel. Flora Tarne was the cousin of a midshipman in the Sub.'s gunroom, one known affectionately as young Fleabite Briggs, and although young Fleabite thought just nothing of Flora, whom he had known in perambulator days (in fact he had frequently been bathed with the lady), the Sub. thought her too ravishing.

For the Sub. was popsy-minded, and this time he had got it really badly. He was even wondering where one bought an engagement ring in Gibraltar. And if! Flora Tarne had come out here and was staying with her aunt at the "Rock," to the seventh heaven delight of one popsy-minded Sub. The ungallant might have labelled Flora as "fishing fleet," but to the Sub. she was one of those delicate white and silver yachts, that only sail in the best waters and admirably repay a little of the manly time.

"You'll go ashore to pay your respects," said the Sub. to young Fleabite Briggs.

Fleabite said that he'd go ashore, but was not so sure about his respects. As far as he was concerned, Flora could wait!

"No, she can't, and what's more, you're taking me with you," said the Sub., who ruled his gunroom with a commanding hand.

He and Fleabite went ashore, and strode up the Commercial Mole, and along Main Street, where the Indians try to waft the unwary into their shops smelling of joss sticks and scent, and

recommend "the very nice shawl," and "handbag from Tangier, all fixed price," etc. But the Indians don't try that on with the Royal Navy. Especially when it comes to the gunroom. The gunroom is full of hale and hearty young men, who stride their way through life and do not give a fig for the finer feelings of itinerant salesmen. Main Street knows it well.

It was one of those hot afternoons that come to Gibraltar in March. There were red and white lilies at the roadside, and the creamy foam of oleander blossoms, trembling in the light wind. The hurdy-gurdy man was grinding out a tango as he proffered a somewhat dilapidated Andalusian hat to them.

"I thank you, Señor. Very good, saire."

It was pleasant at the hotel. Flora and her aunt had already arrived a few days ago and had come to that state of boredom that thanks providence for a little diversion. They were delighted to see dear little Fleabite and his gentleman friend.

"See, surely we met somewhere before, Mr. Jenkins?" asked Flora.

"Indeed we did," glowed the popsy-minded Sub.

He spent the afternoon in eating fancy cakes and drinking indifferent tea, balancing it in his lap in the most dangerous manner. He walked in the Alameda with Flora, and they managed most efficiently to lose both her aunt and dear little Fleabite. He said that he would get a pass for the Rock on Sunday, and they'd go up it, and be damned to the monkeys. He went home on wings!

At the Ragged Staff steps they fell in with Pepi. Pepi drove a *carrozzi*. Pepi was forty, with a gammy leg, and he wore indescribable old rags for clothes, and lambasted a lean horse before him. But his *carrozzi* had new curtains and the brass shone, all of which is very surprising for Gibraltarian *carrozzis*. He smiled amiably.

"Europa Point? Rosea Bay? I show you, Señor?" he suggested.

"You can cut all that muck out," said the Sub., giving him short shrift. "We've been here before."

Instantly the rather forlorn hat came off, exposing a very barren cranium. The eye of Pepi lighted on Fleabite. "I know you, saire," said he. "You very kind to me last year. You help me when the horse fall down."

They met affectionately. Fleabite, blushing to the ears, explained to the Sub. that he and the *carrozzi* driver had a bit of a do, he had been useful, and the *carrozzi* drivers—like elephants—never forget. Pepi was self-appointing his services to the *Terrific*. He offered a seedy card which read:

Pepi Fondanta,
First class *carrozzi*
For ply.

"Here, what is all this?" asked the agitated Fleabite.

It appeared that Pepi was asking for a retaining fee.

"He'll be damned lucky if he gets it," said the Sub. as the boat pushed off.

But the confidence of Pepi in the Royal Navy was undisturbed. Fleabite had been most kind. Also he liked the look of the so-senior officer with him; he had faith in senior officers, and undoubtedly the Sub. was of enormous pulling power in H.M.S. *Terrific*. It had been most auspicious that they had met.

For a week everything went gallantly.

The popsy-minded Sub. went ashore, and Pepi in his *carrozzi* met him faithfully at the steps and galloped him up the hill. It was a trifle expensive because Pepi had large ideas as to the value of his services, but the Sub. had recently had a birthday, and his aunt—a rich old trout in Lowndes Square, as he tastefully put it—had remembered her godson admirably. Being quids in, he could afford to do something smart in *carrozzis*, and even purchase a black glass bottle of perfume from an Indian after two days' heavy debating on the point of the fixed price, which wasn't so fixed after all.

Illustrations by Albert Bailey

The Sub. and his popsy drove out in the *carrozzi* to San Roqué, Catalan Bay, and Algeciras, with heroic enthusiasm. In fact the affair was going to the Sub.'s head. Even the gunroom messman noticed the fall in that hearty appetite for breakfast. Those in love eat anaemically.

And Flora was falling for the Sub. The whole gunroom knew it, and congratulated themselves at last on having got a young gentleman, far too ardent in upholding the discipline of the Royal Navy, with one eye on the shore, and a foot there as well more often than not.

Then along came Enrico Seruya.

Enrico was Spanish. He looked like the glamour boy of the films, and he was surprisingly well-off, living in San Roqué and driving an enormous white motor car of the kind that is not to be found in Great Britain. Some tactless high-up had asked him to the dance to be given on board the *Terrific*.

"And, what's more, you bet he dances well," said the indignant Sub., who, with the extra weight he was always trying to get down, had a tendency to bounce.

How right he was! Enrico Seruya danced like a dream, he had slight hips and swaying shoulders and he wore over well-fitting evening clothes; his hair shone like the best burnished patent leather, and it all went down very well with the women.

Flora introduced him to the Sub., and obviously they hated one another on sight. But, for the sake of decorum, they maintained that deliberately polite manner so essential to the officer who feels like no gentleman at heart.

"I'm sure you'll like dear Charles," said Flora, speaking of the popsy-minded Sub. to Enrico.

Enrico expressed the opinion that Charles Jenkins was truly British, so athletic, so large, and, said he, becoming slightly involved with his language, "so sweaty." For Enrico always topped himself up with the best white rose perfume, to give the women a treat.

By the time the night of the dance was waxing old, the popsy-minded Sub. was putting down drinks at speed, and Flora, sitting on a bollard, was languishing in the obliging arms of Enrico and listening to the most lush compliments, of which he had an invigorating flow. She thought that he was the nearest approach to Don Ameche that she was ever likely to meet.

He would call next day, he said. And he did. He was preceded by a vast bouquet of pink roses flanked with

parma violets, and a box of *marrons glacés* the size of a coffin. Flora didn't like *marrons glacés*, but her aunt did, so that it oiled the works most admirably for Enrico in that direction.

When the Sub. plodded his weary way up to the Rock Hotel that afternoon—Pepi was otherwise engaged—he arrived there hot and spent, and the bluebird of happiness had flown with Enrico to see Tariffa.

"Such a quaint little walled city," explained her aunt, and all the Sub. could do was gorge himself on Enrico's *marrons glacés*, which, all things considered, was rather a feeble retaliation.

From that moment the spring cruise started going down the hill. It lost its zest. It ran away with itself. Easter was approaching. Mentally the Sub. made a note in his own mind, that Easter was the time of year when he would arrange a classic picnic in the Algeciras cork woods. It was the thing to do on the afternoon of Easter Sunday, and there, listening to the cuckoo in the cork trees, he would pop the question. For now marriage was his line of country. He had got it badly. Flora was his idea of everything that a promising N.O. should have for a wife. She had beauty, she had poise; and an admiral for an uncle. It is true that he was reputed to be the most acid admiral in the Home Fleet, but even acid admirals should support home rule. The cork woods were the Sub's idea of a suitable background for a proposal of marriage. Unfortunately the presence of Enrico Seruya spoilt everything.

The Sub. had to admit that the man had personal charms—if you liked that type—whereas the Sub. was a boy of the bulldog breed, and looked it. Enrico had wickedly dark eyes, and was he ardent!

Unfortunately the *Terrific* was very amused by the lack of progress of the popsy-minded Sub's first serious adventure.

"Fancy being defeated by a dago!" said the snotties' nurse. He had been born tactless.

After the most humiliating disaster of the dance, the Sub. was convinced that the only thing to do was to take Enrico down a peg. He had been doing very well before Enrico cropped up. He went to tea at the "Rock" determined that something should be done in a just cause.

"What about a picnic Easter Sunday?" he asked Flora.

She looked at him; she had forget-me-not blue eyes, and yellow lashes that played havoc with his heart. It was an enchanting combination. "Oh, but I can't," she said. "I'm going to the bull fight at La Linea."

That shook him. "But you can't be?"

"Oh yes, I am."

Huskily the Sub. began, "They're pretty cheap bull fights anyway, and you'd hate it."

"I want to see one to be able to say I've seen one," said she with truly female logic.

"You could always say you'd seen one. You'll probably be sick," he warned her.

"Charles, have you ever been to one?"

"Yes, and I was sick, or almost," said he. "But of course if you wish to go, I'll take you myself."

"Enrico's taking me."

"Is he hell!" said the Sub. to himself.

He strode back from the "Rock," refusing the assistance of Pepi in his "most nice" *carrozzi* with the radiant brass, and the bright new awning. Pepi mumbled something as he insisted on driving at walking pace beside the

(*Continued on page* 61)

OUTSIDE the La Linea bull ring was a motley selection of ancient motor cars—tourist type—and lolling in them dark-skinned drivers.

"To the cork woods," said the popsy-minded Sub. and bundled Flora in

"Now It Can Be Told . . ."

Across The World's Roof

By Warren Armstrong

Lieut. Albert G. Davies, R.N., commander of the submarine *Ambush*, wearing his Arctic rig on the bridge of the submarine, prior to leaving for the Arctic regions

THE censor frowned and reached for his blue pencil. He shook his head, read another paragraph, picked up a telephone, said: "This Arctic story. We *can't* let it go out. Not like this!" Somebody at the other end of the line agreed. The censor frowned again, read on, took a sip of tea. . . .

Two members of the crew of the submarine *Ambush* testing their Arctic clothing before proceeding on the cruise to Arctic waters

"From authentic sources it is reported that an amazing experiment will be carried out with specially constructed submarines, each capable of carrying more than 3,000 tons of vital cargo. It is believed that twelve such craft will shortly load at five United States naval bases, and will rendezvous somewhere in the vicinity of Denmark Strait. After which the convoy will follow a specially charted track taking it close to Spitzbergen, North East Land, Franz Joseph Land, October Revolution Island, thence to Krestovaya Bay, to make final contact with an American outpost less than 500 miles from Murmansk."

A prize headache for any diligent censor, but that eminent worthy who guarded the news presently smacked a rubber stamp neatly at the top of each page: "NOT PASSED FOR PUBLICATION." He initialled the imprints, gathered the copy together, placed it in a file marked "STOP," and called it a day. A heavy weight had threatened to overwhelm him, and he was still muttering something unprintable about Jules Verne when he picked up his blue pencil again and turned to the task of extracting all the meaty pieces from another war report. . . .

Just about that precise moment, in five U.S. navy bases cantilever cranes were lowering cargo into the holds of a convoy of undersea freighters. At midnight, the end of that memorable week, ropes were cast off, the night was broken by wavering notes of klaxons and the clanging-to of steel doors, and the light from a pale crust of moon shone on a scene which might well have *out-Verne-d* anything the immortal Jules ever thought of. The first submarine convoy in history was putting to sea, to drive an underwater passage deep under the Arctic, across the world's roof.

THREE days out from base the vessels surfaced, and chlorine gas hissed as batteries were recharged; icy winds swept across rounded hulls and howled through wire stay-ropes. A vast iceberg, black and threatening, slipped silently past, grim reminder of the polar regions yet to be navigated.

It was bright starlight when hatches clanged-to again, signals were exchanged between the ships and two shore stations, checks were made on a marvel of meteorological science which was directing the convoy *blind* on its way. The velvet canopy above was scarred into fantastic illumination by vivid patches of green as the Northern Lights poured out a pageant of colour; a strange, jagged light it was, with myriad tails that broadened and exploded into (*Continued on page* 62)

On right: The *Ambush* leaving Rothesay, Firth of Clyde for the Arctic. This submarine is fitted with the "Snort" and with a crew of sixty-one is carrying out endurance underwater trials on the edge of the ice barrier off Spitzbergen

Pierre Curie and Marie Sklodowska became teacher and pupil and more

The Marriage that Blest Mankind

The Story Of Pierre Curie And His Wife, Marie Sklodowska—The Discoverers Of Radium

Illustrations by JACK MATTHEW.

WHEN Marie Sklodowska fled from her native Warsaw to Paris in 1891, how could she know that the headlong adventure would project her into a marriage not only perfect in itself but of inestimable benefit to mankind ?

An earnest young student, daughter of a scientist, she grew up in a Poland subject to Czarist tyranny. Her national language was proscribed in the schools, churches and Press. Russian secret agents terrorised the people. She had seen Cossack brutality, the slaughter of her countrywomen by Russian artillery. What more natural than that she should throw in her lot with revolutionary students and write for their propaganda paper ?

When some of them were rounded up by the police her only safety lay in flight. At twenty-four she exchanged the comforts of home for poverty in a Paris garret, living on half-a-franc a day, dreaming of the scientific career which had been foretold for her by a famous professor, Mendeléeff, who found her, as a young girl, experimenting with chemicals in a relative's Warsaw laboratory. But how could a poor student hope to matriculate at the Sorbonne ? By "working her way" as laboratory maid-of-all-work and bottle-washer. That was how Marie procured a footing.

In '94 she met at a friend's house Pierre Curie, a tall, auburn-haired man of thirty-five who worked in the laboratory of Paul Schutzenberger, director of the School of Physics and Chemistry. Immersed in his work, he had neither time nor inclination for women. In his early twenties he had written : "Women of genius are rare, and the average woman is a positive hindrance to a serious-minded scientist." When he confessed that he couldn't understand a young woman dedicating herself to science, Marie challenged : "I wonder where you derived your strange ideas of woman's limitations ? "

They bought bicycles so that they could ride out to the country at week-ends. No idyllic honeymoon ; just the launching of a devout, happy partnership in love and work

On her side it seems to have been love at first sight. "I notice," she wrote of their meeting, "the grave and gentle expression of his face . . . a certain abandon in his attitude which suggested the dreamer absorbed in his ideas." She went straight to Schutzenberger and asked: "May I work with Monsieur Pierre Curie?"—"Yes," said the aged professor, smiling presciently. Pierre and Marie became teacher and pupil—and more. The attar of love sweetened the chemical "stinks" of that laboratory, and soon we find Pierre writing to her: "What a great thing it would be to unite our lives and work together for the good of science and mankind."

IN the summer of '95 they married, rented three rooms, furnished them with the barest necessities, bought bicycles so that they could ride out to the country at week-ends. No idyllic honeymoon; just the launching of a devout, happy partnership in love and work.

Röntgen's announcement in January '96 gave that work sudden impetus and direction, for it reported the discovery of X-rays which could pierce solid matter and reveal bones in the body. Becquerel, another investigator, happened to leave a piece of uranium ore on a covered photographic plate in his dark-room, and noticed that it made a mark. Experimenting with other ores containing uranium, he concluded that pitchblende must have an element in it even more penetrating, and suggested to Marie that she should tackle this line of research.

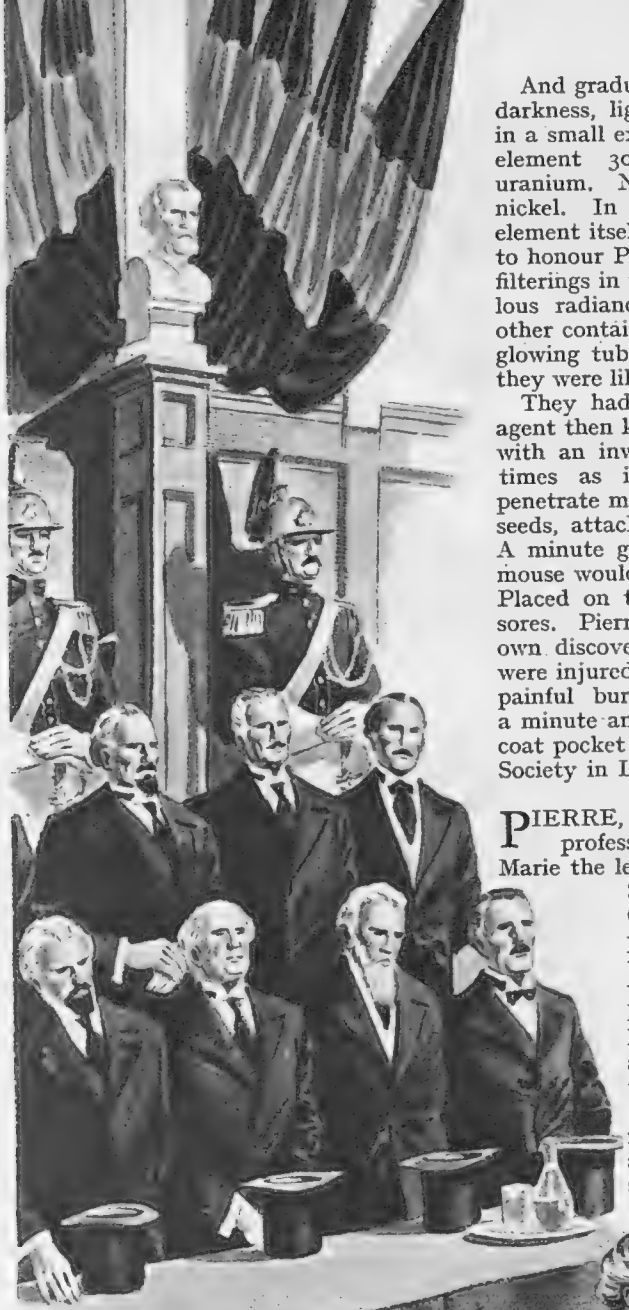
She debated the problem with Pierre. Together they began experimenting in a shed behind their home which had been a dissecting-room for corpses. They obtained a ton of pitchblende from Austrian mines, boiled it in vats, filtered it, reboiled, refiltered in a resolute search for that unknown element, until the acrid fumes were hardly bearable.

THAT bitter winter Marie, working day and night, went down for three months with pneumonia and all but died. In the following September came her first baby, a daughter. One week she lay with her child, recuperating, then the shed with its cauldrons and research gear began to call her irresistibly. An idea for a new experiment was fretting her mind. "I cannot wait," she told herself, "I must try it now." Weakly she rose from child-bed, gazed lovingly at the sleeping infant, stole out to the shed, and plunged again into her great task.

But now she had to contend with a serious domestic problem: how could she tend the child and at the same time pursue her exhausting work? The death of Pierre's mother solved that. His father came to live with them and cared for little Irene so devotedly that the parents could work on unworrying. But Marie still had to break off to cook for the family. Under the strain she again fell ill, yet would not hear of Pierre giving up the quest.

FOR two years they laboured on. Pierre, offered a chair of physics at Geneva University, went there for a time, but quickly returned because of Marie's inspiring faith in their mission. "In that miserable shed," she later confessed, "we spent the best and happiest years of our life."

They obtained a ton of pitchblende from Austrian mines, boiled it in vats, filtered it, reboiled, refiltered in a resolute search for that element until the acrid fumes were hardly bearable



And gradually, out of that pitchblende darkness, light began to emerge: First, in a small extract of bismuth salts, some element 300 times as powerful as uranium. Next, a substance resembling nickel. In the summer of '98 the new element itself, which she called polonium to honour Poland. Finally, after endless filterings in test-tubes, a ghostly, miraculous radiance glowing from flasks and other containers . . . RADIUM! "Those glowing tubes in that poor, rough shed, they were like stars," she said.

They had located the most powerful agent then known to mankind, a prodigy with an inward fire more than 200,000 times as intense as coal. It could penetrate matter, kill virulent germs and seeds, attack certain cancerous growths. A minute grain of it on the spine of a mouse would kill it within sixteen hours. Placed on the human skin it produced sores. Pierre was himself a victim of his own discovery, for his fingers and arms were injured in handling it. It produced painful burns when Becquerel carried a minute amount in a tube in his waistcoat pocket to demonstrate to the Royal Society in London.

PIERRE, triumphant at last, became professor of physics at the Sorbonne, Marie the leading physics lecturer at the Sevres Higher School for Girls. The fruit of five years' patient work was a complete treatise on radio-activity which made history. The Nobel Prize and Legion of Honour were among the awards that crowned their unique achievement.

But through it all Marie remained the devoted mother and home-loving wife. Her second daughter, Eve, born while she was pursuing her researches, has said that Mme. Curie never thrust her fame into the home, never talked of it to her children—not consciously or deliberately, but simply because she never wished to be anything but a mother to them. Her dominant virtue was strength of character, an all-round interest in life apart from her scientific research, important though that was. Unlike Irene, when she in turn became a scientist, Marie did not make science her sole obsession.

Neither she nor Pierre benefited financially from their discovery, for they refused to patent it, wishing it to be used for the benefit of all mankind. Yet she needed money badly for her laboratories, and gratefully accepted a present of a gram of radium from the United States when she could not afford to buy it.

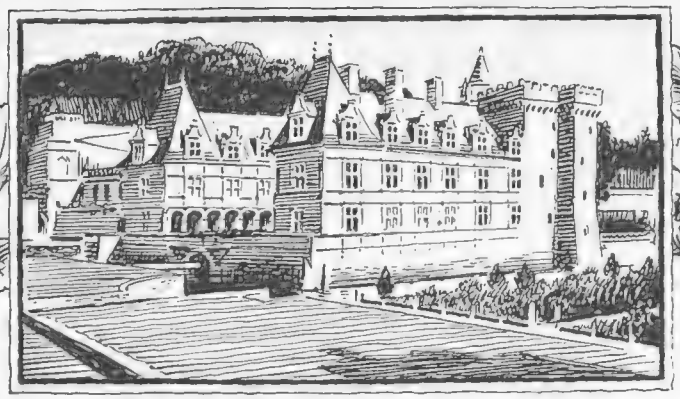
Tragedy came to her in April 1906, when Pierre, crossing a Paris street, was knocked down by a cab and his head crushed by the wheels of a passing van. The news of the accident left her numb with grief. She could only moan: "Pierre is dead—he is dead!" and then silently mourn a dear husband and comrade.

For a time she did nothing. But work—*their* work—was her salvation. She returned to her laboratory; was appointed to the chair of physics his death left vacant, and thus became the Sorbonne's first woman professor.

IN 1910, with the help of Debierne, an old school friend of Pierre's, she completed her work by isolating the free element of radium from its salts, and was subsequently awarded the Nobel Prize for the second time. When the 1914 war came and Paris was threatened, she took her precious store of radium to Bordeaux out of the invader's reach, then returned to Paris to train women volunteers in the practical use of radiology, which now played a vital part in the science of treating and healing the wounded.

Before she died in 1934—one of the most universally honoured women in history—a grateful country voted her 1,500,000 francs to found a special laboratory and factory for developing radium research. She had achieved her goal—and seen her unhappy Poland freed. [END]

After the death of her husband Pierre, Mme. Curie was appointed to the chair of physics his death left vacant, and thus became the Sorbonne's first woman professor



The Chateau of Villandry

Something For The Future...

By Wilma Buckley

WITH spring comes an inevitable recurrence of hope for what-is-to-be, somehow, somewhere, some day. The eye and the ear turn with pleasure, away from the contemplation, the raucous cacophony, of man and his works (broken reeds, indeed, with which to thatch a protective roof against the stormy sky); away from thoughts of politics, party and power, away from economics and national disunities. It is to nature that one turns, only too thankfully, for in nature lies a tangible and certain promise for the future, denied to us, perhaps, in other directions.

Villandry. The Donjon

In this connection, I was enchanted to read, not long ago (in one of our leading daily newspapers) about a project for an international garden in France, a plan that is already well under way.

One does not instantly associate gardens, in the English sense, with France and the French; certainly there are the superb, "architectural" gardens of Lenotre, apotheosized at Versailles, and the blossoming acres of the Midi, where flowers *en masse* are grown for export, for the trade, for the perfume industry. But our own little plots, the park-like landscaped gardens of our great houses, the unique, the universal assemblies at Kew, tend to make us feel that we are the world's chief gardeners.

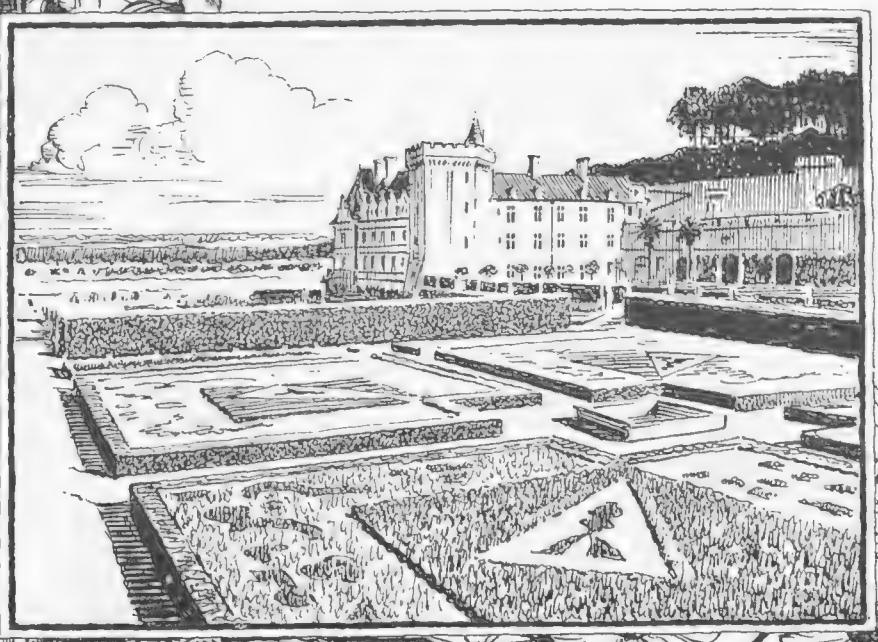
It is a heartening sign, therefore, that France should make such a contribution to the floral future, and that a Frenchman should devote himself to a plan with an international intent.

In Touraine—that region of magnificent castles, of rich and fertile soil, watered by the Loire and the Cher—stands the typically Renaissance *château* of Villandry, whose gardens are set below a terraced and tree-crowned ridge, sheltered from the wind and exposed to the sun. There are acres and acres of garden, formal and geometric of design; a mosaic of flower beds neatly enclosed with low, clipped box hedges, walls for fruit trees, sheltering lime-tree walks.

THE *château*, built in horseshoe form, in the sixteenth century, by Jean Le Breton, a Secretary of State in the reign of François Ier, retains its massive fourteenth-century keep, the vestiges of a former stronghold.

Neglected during the latter part of the eighteenth century, the superb gardens have been restored to their former glory; three terraces descend in tiers towards the moat, enshrining *parterres* and fountains, lawns and gravelled paths and groups of shrubs. It is here that the *château's* owner, M. François Carvallo, plans to make a permanent collection of modern plants—the finest examples of the finest varieties—from European countries and, perhaps, from those more distant. British horticulturists have agreed to send representative specimens to this garden exhibition, where the green box hedges should make a harmonious setting for the display of specialized flowers. It is also M. Carvallo's intention to try to establish a gardening school, a training centre for gardeners from other countries, possibly on the exchange system. Could anyone, interested in the language, the architecture, and the history of France, as well as in his or her own subject of floriculture, wish for a more agreeable apprenticeship?

Below: The Chateau of Villandry in Touraine showing the gardens



Gold For My Giraffe

An Amateur Sleuth Makes Good On His First Case

By L. H. Hart

IT should have been a man in there, Lanny thought, behind the black door labelled A. Rix : Investigations.

But it was a woman. Somewhere under forty. A face like a burned bun under a straight-cut bob, and a rough dress that rasped the flat desk under her elbows.

Her gaze took in Lanny Blane from the pleasant but unreadable face, down his blue suit showing signs of wear, to his polished shoes. The hat held still in his hands.

"Sit down, Blane. You the last?" Her voice was rough as her dress. "You're the fifteenth I've seen—the first that even looks like you might do! Ex-Army, I suppose?"

"Commandos." He could have added Captain, but he was getting tired of explaining why he'd never held a routine job. He'd tried to make a career of tournament golf, but he hadn't made the grade. Bitter, but he'd taken it; but he didn't have to talk about it.

"Services myself. Sergeant, A.T.S. God, I was glad to get out!"

She rolled two cigarettes out of a yellow pack, gave him one. Struck a match. Through a cloud of smoke, she said : "I'm Ada Rix. I sank my gratuity into this detective agency. So many people wanting divorces, heaps of money to be made. I don't like men, anyway. Only too glad to help other women get their freedom again."

She picked a shred of tobacco off her tongue, said bluntly : "I'll try you for a week. When you work, a pound a day, reasonable expenses. A bonus on every completed job. But—no work, no pay!"

She waved away Lanny's offer of references. "Nothing here you can steal. I'll find out soon enough if you can do what I want. Like this thing that came in to-day. This Jeremy King, whose wife is playing around. He wants her watched." She snorted. "Here's his address."

Lanny picked up the finely engraved card she skidded across the desk. And the pound note for expenses. Went out; with a job, but no sense of elation.

MALLENDER got in behind the wheel of the green coupé, waited for Mrs. King to get settled, then started off

THE bus dropped Lanny outside a railed-in park. A private little patch of green with a rustic summerhouse. Opposite, a row of old yellowstone houses, turned into super flats. Tall windows, neat front gardens, immaculate steps under deep porches.

Lanny thumbed the bell of King's ground-floor apartment, and waited. Rapped knuckles on the door when his ring brought no response. Found the green door shy away from him like a nervous woman. To reveal a little hallway, and another door that was open enough to show him a man stark naked in the middle of a Chinese rug, holding his head and moaning.

Lanny went in fast, heeling the outer door shut behind him.

The man on the floor was about fifty. Under the grey hair on his right temple, a livid bruise. Thin artistic hands rubbed vaguely at the bruise as he swung a blank gaze on Lanny.

"They stole my giraffe!" the man wailed. He tried to get up, but his feet sprawled away from him. He toppled in a faint.

Lanny picked him up, eased him on to a maroon settee. Called Information on the phone for the number of the nearest doctor. Called it, then gave his attention to the man.

He was breathing heavily, but apparently in no danger. Lanny went into the bedroom, threw open the wardrobe even as he noticed twin beds, with lacy underthings lying on one. Found a dressing gown, returned and put it round the man.

Straightening, Lanny gave some attention to the room. It smelled of money spent tastefully. Chinese prints on the walls. The sort of place Lanny would have liked himself, if he'd got into the big money at golf.

He threw off the mood, picked up the man's clothes that were strewn over the rug, noting the J. King on a tab inside the jacket. The ping of the doorbell took Lanny across. A short, red-faced man gave him a competent look, swung a brown bag.

"I'm Doctor Graham. You called me?"

King roused while the doctor examined him. Nothing seriously wrong. He gave King a tablet with a glass of water, told him to rest. Let himself out while King taxed Lanny querulously : "Who are you, sir?"

"My name's Blane. From the Rix Agency. You sent for a man. I found the door open, you unconscious. I sent for a doctor."

"Sent for the police?" King asked sharply.

"I thought I'd wait. Shall I ring them?"

"No, no! I want this kept quiet!" He clutched the dressing gown round him, said fretfully : "For God's sake, get me a

drink. There's some Scotch in the cabinet."

Lanny poured him three fingers, waited a moment, then said: "I'll be glad to come back, Mr. King, if. . . ."

"No, no, I can talk. It's just this blasted head. Some swine was waiting for me when I came in, and knocked me out." His eyes swivelled round the room. "They stole my giraffe!"

"Do you want me to get it back for you?" Lanny wondered if he'd better call the doctor again.

"Oh, don't look like that! It's a little wooden thing, an ornament. Something in it. Something valuable."

He went sulkily into the bedroom to get dressed. When he came back, he was composed, sure of himself. A look about him —like boxes at the opera, days at Hurlingham, and his manner—said that while it was sometimes necessary to employ people like Lanny, it was an unpleasant business, and let's get it over with and the room disinfected.

He threw Lanny a chiselled look, then went out to the hall closet for a topcoat, bowler, and umbrella rolled tight as a plaster cast.

"About your wife," Lanny said. "You want her watched?"

King's thin face curdled. Finally he said: "Yes. She's running around with some damned gigolo. I want to know who it is. But be discreet!"

He glanced at his watch. "I simply must go out now. Look in the bedroom, my man. You'll find several photographs of my wife. Take the small one from the dressing table."

Lanny didn't care for King's manner. He was tempted to tell him to go to hell, and go back to Ada Rix and tell her she could keep the job. But he passed it over. He'd taken this thing on. He'd have to give it a trial.

"About this giraffe," Lanny said. "You'd like it recovered?"

"Naturally!" King's voice ended on an inflexion that said if Lanny could do that, then King was the Shah of Persia!

Lanny couldn't stand him any more. He got the photograph from the bedroom, was ready to leave when he thought to ask. "When will your wife be back?"

"About an hour. She had a fitting at her dressmaker." King held the door open impatiently, kept stubbing the floor with the tip of his umbrella.

Lanny decided to pay a quick call on Ada Rix. He told her all about it, while she looked up at him from over folded arms:

"You sure King wasn't rambling?" she asked. "Giraffes!"

"It was a trick giraffe. King said it held something valuable. Probably had a secret compartment."

Ada's voice was sharp as a new blade when she said: "Go on, Blane. How do you figure this burglar business?"

"Whatever it is, I think Mrs. King is a party to it. King was so insistent about having no police. And no ordinary burglar took that giraffe. Why would they, and leave behind plenty of really valuable stuff? An emerald bracelet in the bedroom. Maybe more stuff in drawers. Whoever took the giraffe knew what was in it and wanted nothing else!"

"It's a terrible thing to accuse a man's wife!"

"So you hate men! But keep your feminist views out of this. Don't let them try to run your detective business."

"What was the burglar after?"

"Something small. I don't suppose the giraffe was big enough a kid could ride it for a horse. And there was the fact of King being stripped. He'd been searched right down to the skin. Maybe the one who stripped him thought he carried the

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

THREE men walked in. A policeman big and solid, at his shoulder Mr. King, and hovering behind, the porter

thing in a money belt. Then took the giraffe away as a last hope. As per hints from Mrs. King!"

Ada put her cheap wristwatch to her ear, listened doubtfully to its tick. "Well, what are you waiting for? If you find this giraffe, I can soak King for a bigger fee."

Lanny had luck getting back to King's place when he did. A smart green coupé was just drawing in to the kerb. A girl got out. Unmistakably Mrs. King. A spray of white feathers pinned to the shoulder of a powder-blue suit. A tricky hat, and legs that made your heart go bumpity-bump. She vanished into the apartment house as a taxi ground to a stop down the road, and deposited a fare.

Lanny reached the taxi before it could pull away. "How about a tail job? That green coupé?"

The driver gave his moustache a backhand brush. "O.K, guv'. We'll wait for it at the corner. Hop in."

Mrs. King came tearing out in less than five minutes. Got into the driving seat with a quick swirl of skirt. Drove off.

Ten minutes later, the taxi pulled up fifty yards from an apartment house. A neat board by the entrance read "Brompton Mansions."

Lanny paid off the taxi, waited for Mrs. King to hurry into the Mansions, then followed more slowly. Caught a glimpse of her nyloned legs flashing up the stairs to the first floor.

Halfway up, he paused, covered his face by lighting a cigarette. Heard Mrs. King's high heels click to a stop. Saw her through the baluster rail as she thumbed the bell of apartment 2B.

Down in the hall again—parquet-floored, and smelling of pine disinfectant—Lanny examined the tenants' board. 2B was listed to a Mr. Morris Mallender.

Two cigarettes later, Mrs. King came out of the apartment house alone. She wore a tight smile of triumph as she got behind the wheel of the coupé, and drove off down the road.

Mallender's door jerked open when Lanny kept his thumb on the bell. A big fellow surveyed him with a surprised look. He was tanned, wavy haired, sickeningly handsome. As he held the door, light gleamed off a wristwatch on a heavy gold band. (*Cont. on page* 56)

(*On left*) The Rooks return to their roosts and discuss the day's events before going to sleep

Spring Nature Article . . .

Life In A Rookery

By B. Melville Nicholas

FOR at least a hundred years rooks have nested in a group of tall elms not far from my home and although a few folk complain of their "noisy chatter" nobody would want to see that rookery disappear, for it has become as much an integral part of the countryside as the village church beneath it. During recent years, however, there has been no noticeable increase in the number of nests for although a few new homes have been constructed, others have fallen into disuse to balance the total. Some of them are placed quite close together and it has always amazed me how each pair of birds recognize their own home from that of their neighbours'; but they do, and after many years of careful observation I am firmly of the opinion that the same wedded couples return annually to the same nests.

Alas, rooks are greatly persecuted. Every man's hand is against them and during the winter months many of them come to an untimely end. Every springtime widows and widowers come back forlornly to the scene of happy memories, but with them come newly married pairs embarking on family affairs for the first time, and frequent quarrels take place as the black-robed colony of old and young bustle to and fro.

So that from February onwards the rookery becomes a scene of intense activity. Each nest is thoroughly cleaned and renovated, the walls being carefully reinforced with twigs (many of which are broken from growing branches) and I once watched an energetic rook grip a growing ash twig with his beak and swing off on it, because he could not break it by other means! Then he proudly flew homeward and watched his wife skilfully weave the twig into their ancestral abode. I was less than six feet away from that particular nest at the time for during the previous day I had built a "hide" in the tree-tops from which to more closely study the inhabitants of this particular rookery.

WHEN viewed from the ground a rook's nest is very deceptive for it gives the impression of an unwieldy accumulation of twigs, carelessly piled together, but a closer inspection reveals that although the materials do cover a considerable area, they certainly are not thoughtlessly placed. Every twig serves a purpose, and the completed nest places the builders among the most clever of avian architects. True, the actual cup, in which the eggs are laid, is comparatively small but it lacks none of the architectural merit displayed in the exterior and one has only to notice how thoroughly the softer materials of grasses and hair are firmly cemented by mud to the twiggy foundation to be convinced that the rook does nothing carelessly.

Close up of a Rook's nest. These birds are among the most clever of aviary architects. Everything serves a purpose. The female bird does most of the building

The credit for this is due mainly to the female for it is she who does most of the building; but this is far from saying that the male is an idle bird. Indeed, he is quite the contrary and in addition to collecting most of the building materials, brings his wife many tasty morsels in the course of each day.

A family of young Rooks about to leave their nursery. Baby Rooks are positively ugly little chicks, but they develop rapidly owing to the enormous amount of food their father gathers for them

WHEN eventually the eggs are laid they vary greatly in appearance, but the most common type is a pale green shell spotted with browns and greys. The female undertakes most, if not all, of the incubation, but her partner shows his devotion by regularly supplying her with food which he (*Continued on page* 66)

Ancient Stowaway

His Knowledge Of The Sea Saved A Ship From Destruction

By Frank H. Shaw

"WHY, you old double-crosser!" Bridle snarled, as he lugged the stowaway to the bridge for interview with the captain. "Didn't I tell you I wouldn't carry you for ballast, damn your hide!"

"WHAT—at your age?" asked the chief officer of the *Pythagoras*.

"I'm still pretty fit, sir," urged Samuel Chine. "And I was doing a hard job in whaling ships sixty years ago—ay, and more."

"Sure it was only sixty years; it looks more like a hundred and sixty," scoffed Mr. Bridle, for the benefit of near-by spectators. "You must be pretty fond of salt water to hanker after seagoing at your time of life."

"It's just that I'm anxious to get across," patiently explained Samuel Chine. No need to tell the story of his life to this young cock-a-hoop in bright gold braid.

"You won't get across in the *Pythagoras*," snapped Mr. Bridle. He considered the next applicant in line : a slick youngster with plenty of self-assurance, whose discharge book was eminently satisfactory; and engaged him. Samuel Chine waited, rather like a hungry mongrel on the outskirts of a collection of thoroughbreds. He was eagerly hopeful.

"How about coming along for a little drink, Grandpa?" asked the slick youngster. "Ain't you kinda wasting time hanging around here?"

He had his advance note for a month's wages; he was quite willing to cash it and blue it in a gorgeous spree before sailing-day. Never a care on this gay youngster's shoulders.

"Thanks, lad—but he might change his mind," said Chine, and if he had owned a tail it would certainly have wagged. "There's such things as pier-head jumpers——!"

He allowed himself to be persuaded, after Mr. Bridle had finished his business at the Shipping Office.

"You surely must be eager to get across the Atlantic to think of signing-on at your time of life," said self-assured Maybole.

"It's my daughter," admitted Sam Chine. "Anxious to see the old chap again—she's been mighty sick, near death's door. Her husband—Tom Chilworth—gets the idea that a sight of me might straighten her out and make life agreeable again. Not much longer to wait, where I'm concerned—nearly eighty as I am. Yes, I'd give a sight of cash to see my Emmy again. She was the bonniest baby you ever set eyes on, fifty years ago."

Maybole got the impression that in this veteran's eyes, his girl child was still a baby; and something caused his throat to prick.

"Any chance to buy a passage?" he asked. "A man might help a bit —the sharks'll get this advance of mine anyway."

"I've tried—oh, it's not money that matters," explained Chine. "I could well afford to buy me a passage—ah, in a cabin-de luxe aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*, if need be; it's just these darned priorities, whatever they stand for. I don't seem to matter alongside a lot of topnotchers that have to earn dollars. If I happened to be one of these film stars now—or some politician that aims to sell his life story across the Western Ocean—ah!" He might be old, but he kept himself well-informed of modern happenings.

"Trouble is—if I'm kept waiting much longer, there won't be any sort of meeting. A grand lass, my daughter, though she did marry a steam-boatman; and he one of the restless sort at that. Ay, I'd like well to see my Emmy again—there's a lot of things I'd like to tell her—all about humouring her man, the way her mother did me, and putting up with the rough for the sake of the bit of smooth that's sure to come. Times I've tried to write it down in letters; but I reckon I was learning how to throw a harpoon around the time I shoulda studied handwriting ——" He forlornly exhibited rheumy hands, curled as if still gripping a harpoon-line, stiff-jointed as rusted chain-links.

"It's just too bad," admitted Maybole, who was as sentimental as the average sailor. "Try another slug o' this hooch—I've tasted worse."

"Have it with me," insisted Chine, sturdily independent in all matters save his desire to spend declining years in company with an affectionate heart. "You're right; it's drinkable stuff; not like some of the muck they served ye on

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

the Barbary Coast, after ye got back from a three-year cruise——"

"You know," said Maybole, warming more and more, "there might be a way—not but what our Mr. Bridle's the father and mother of all tough eggs."

That was why he told the officials at the dock-gate that his old father was anxious to see the last of him, and why he had shouldered two kit-bags instead of one when he crossed the *Pythagoras's* gangway. And even when Mr. Bridle and the second mate diligently rummaged the ship, they found no unauthorized passengers. Not until the ship—laden deep and her staterooms crammed with fare-paying passengers—was well clear of soundings on her west-bound way, did old Samuel Chine come to light. An indignant senior steward discovered him snugly asleep in a little-used storeroom, using bread-sacks for bedding.

Bridle was very angry about it. "Why, you old double-crosser!" he snarled, as he lugged the stowaway to the bridge for interview with the captain. "Didn't I tell you I wouldn't carry you for ballast, damn your hide!"

"Mister, I'm willing to work my passage," protested the old man mildly. "Or to pay it, at that — first-class rates."

"You'll work, right enough," fumed the chief officer. "And you will work the hard way, you darned scrimshanker! Getting me in wrong with the captain——" He reflected that his rummaging hadn't been too thorough. On sailing night Mr. Bridle wasn't above celebrating at the Fouled Anchor, outside the dock-gates, where a towheaded barmaid smiled affably on money-lavishing senior officers. "And I'll see the captain gives you what's coming to you."

Captain Foyle thought along similar lines. He belonged to the newer school, from which sympathy had been abolished; and, his own daughter having made a mess of her life, he failed to understand why any man should break the law to visit his offspring.

"Oh, yes, you'll work," he ordained. "Know anything about shipwork?"

"I was first harpooner of the *Cyrus Greene*," said Chine, not without pride. "I was mate of the *Cleomone*——"

"Windjammers!" snorted Foyle. "See he earns his keep, Mister!"

MOST of the crew thought it pathetic the way the old-timer worked, as if honourably determined to give value for value received. They also thought the captain and chief officer might have let up and permitted him to buy passenger accommodation, as he wished. Actually, these modern mariners didn't like the way a veteran laboured—setting a pace and showing a thoroughness foreign to themselves, who had never known the old tradition of service. These seamen weren't seamen at all, Chine privately thought; they loafed in out of the way corners, and the boatswain had small authority over them; they snarled at him, cheeked him if he talked roughly; they were always grousing about one thing or another. The food, they declared, wasn't fit for pig-troughs—not decent pig-troughs.

Sam Chine remembered a day when it had been necessary to hold a man's nose tight before he could bring himself to engorge rotting salt horse; when he shut his eyes before tackling weevilly hard tack; when the drinking water stank to high heaven and was thickly green with foulness.

He accepted the burdens piled on his stooped shoulders cheerfully; not knowing how, in many cases, he was held up as an example of how things should be done by a Mr. Bridle who never showed him favours. All this ignominy and suffering—his rheumy body suffered considerably, as he stooped to holystone the promenade decks by night, when the finicky passengers were snugly asleep below—led him to a desired goal. Emmy would be as pleased as Punch to see him again, after the long and weary years. Seven years of war and near-war seemed an eternity.

And he was grateful to the afterguard for accepting him, for making use of him; he couldn't have borne to take charity. Now, he was working his passage honestly—giving as good as he got. True, constant work with sand and "sougee-mougee"; with canvas and holystones, opened up poignant sea-cuts in his fingers, so much so that to attempt to straighten them was agony unrelieved; but it was no worse than his boyhood aboard a hard-case whaler with a bulldozing mate and second mate, who reckoned that a well-plied belaying-pin was the best antidote

for idleness. They might so easily have kept him below, deep below the waterline, in some stuffy penthole where a fresh-air-loving man could hardly fetch a decent breath. Decent folks, these aboard the *Pythogoras*, speeding her vigorous way to the west, and almost ignoring the recurrent patches of blinding fog, since passengers were impatient to get the sea-business over and be busy about really important affairs.

He did, however, find it almost cruel to be routed out from the spare bunk in the seamen's forecastle one morning at four o'clock to scrub down the top bridge with soap and water. It was cold, for one thing—bitingly cold. His sea-cuts, notwithstanding that he had served them with yarns from his socks steeped in mutton-fat, according to whaling custom, hurt worse than ever—his gnarled hands could hardly grasp the scrubbing-brush; although the warm condensed water did, in a way, ease the smart. It was crude, biting soap, though—terrible stuff; and a new clumsiness caused him to rasp his knuckles more than was pleasant against the raised covering-board.

"Look alive—get this job done!" snapped Mr. Bridle impatiently. He was in no good mood; two or three sporting passengers had invaded his cabin overnight with bottles of whisky; and they had hit it up, rather—kept things going until four bells; which only left a watch-keeper two meagre hours for rest.

"Man alive, I'm doing the best I can!" answered old Chine, forgetting meekness in the sense of unfairness.

"None of your blasted lip, you damned scarecrow!" bawled Mr. Bridle. He belched, the sourness filling mouth and nostrils. His blurred vision mistook old Brine's sudden straightening for meditated violence. The stowaway had only wished to ease his aching back—nothing more; but Mr. Bridle hit him, a round-armed swipe in the mouth. One part of his brain told him he couldn't be carpeted for hitting a mere stowaway; it wasn't as if he was a regular member of the crew.

"I'll teach you!" he blustered. Old Chine rocked on his feet. Not since his boyhood had he taken such a blow; and this was all unearned. A sense of injustice rankled within his chilling heart. He turned away, to fill his choking lungs with the snell, fogged air that came over the dodger, billowing thickly about the masthead light above his head. Mr. Bridle was a little scared by that silence; until he heard breath indrawn in a deep, choking sob. He did not know that Brine was wishing he had his old harpoon handy—he'd have spitted this half-drunken bully like a herring. That was the way things went in the old-time whalers—a blow for a blow, and the devil take the weaker man!

"Get down off the bridge!" fumed the chief mate, secretly ashamed of himself, desirous of justifying himself to himself, as weak men are. "Get down, before I throw you down!" But Chine gave him no attention—he simply drew in deep gulps of that frigid air. And then he moved—not towards Mr. Bridle, away from him. Straight to the giant engine-room telegraph indeed; to grab the handles in his smarting hands and swing them swiftly back through a semi-circle, forward again, then upright to "Stop!"

"Hi, what're you trying to do, you old fool!" bellowed Mr. Bridle, stumbling across the wet planking. "Gone crazy, have you?" But Chine brushed away the hand that closed over his own, and rung the engines to Full Speed Astern.

"Quartermaster—this man's gone mad; lend a hand!" shouted the chief mate.

"Ice!" said Chine, in a queer strangled whisper. "Ice—can't you smell it?" The shuddering hull had gone inert for a moment, now it was shivering again, with increased violence as the powerful engines went in to hasty reverse. There was a confused shouting from the mist-hidden forecastle head, another from the unseen crow's nest above the masthead light. A bell rang sonorously—stanchions chattered; a canvas dodged suddenly, flapped with a sinister emphasis. The breeze that the ship had made in her passage through the water fell calm, then draughts blew from the after-part.

Up to the high bridge bounded Captain Foyle, a figure of wrath, who dropped into a doze on his cabin settee when only seeking surcease from the weariness of an exposed bridge.

"What the devil's all this?" he clamoured; and as if hearing, the forecastle lookout roared: "Ice—Ice right ahead!" (*Continued on page* 68)

"HI, what're you trying to do, you old fool!" bellowed Mr. Bridle, stumbling across the wet planking. "Gone crazy, have you? But Chine brushed away the hand that closed over his own, and rung the engines to full speed astern!

Flower Show

Spring makes us more than usually flower conscious. Here are some variations on well-tried flower themes that will help to match wardrobes and tables with the spring blossom outside.

Paris says flower hats for spring, and one like this can be made easily at home with artificial flowers, or for very special occasions, real ones. Use the detached crown of a straw hat for the base, and sew the blooms lightly in place so that the fabric is entirely covered.

The dropped neckline of the new spring styles calls for a necklace worn choker-wise. This necklace requires only ¾ to 1 yard of ribbon and a few real or artificial flowers.

Real flowers make a delicate and seasonal decoration to a cake. Place the cake on a wide, shallow plate, massing the heads of spring flowers round the rim. Keep to small flowers for the central posy, with the stems cut very short.

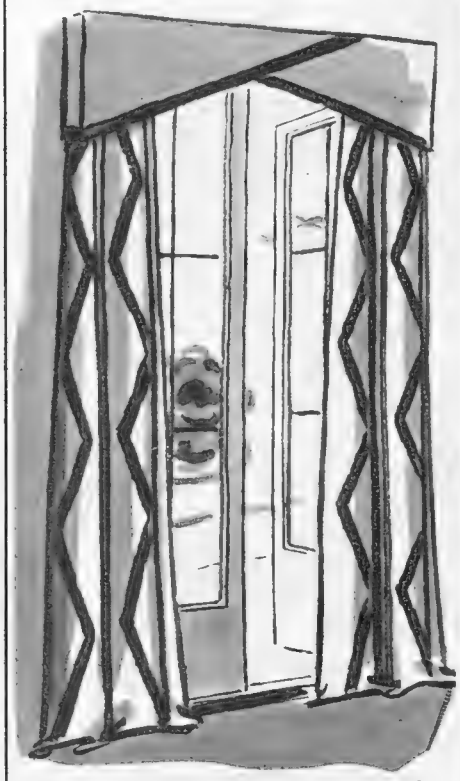
Tulips are the most intractable of all flowers to arrange for the table, but by cutting the stems to different lengths, some very graceful effects can be achieved. In this arrangement, the longest tulip leaning to the left is 1½ times the length of the bowl. The other stems are cut one-third shorter respectively.

Fruit blossom brings a breath of spring into the house and looks its best in an informal setting. Flowers last well if the stems are thrust into moistened fibre.

APRIL

April sheds its revealing sunshine upon dusty corners and shabby furnishings. Full-scale Spring-cleaning operations have a depressing aspect when very little can be done about new curtains and new decorations. Nevertheless, a purge of dust and dirt, a little camouflage of threadbare fabrics with a few splashes of new and stimulating

The back and sides of an easy chair can be replaced with a contrasting coloured hessian or felt, and borrowed to replace worn parts on front, arms, and head. A cushion to match the back makes for continuity.



Braid used in a zigzag effect to form a bold pattern on plain hessian or crash curtains. The pelmet, cut to accord, is edged with braid.

Arms of upholstered chairs are first to show wear. These were renovated with striped braid to tone with the covering material. The cushion is covered with striped braid in a novel design.

(Below.) After washing, net curtains should be hung while still damp and lightly pulled from the lower edge to restore their shape and to counteract shrinkage.

Tops of doors and paint washed with warm, ammonia. Use a soft crevices and

(Left.) After washing painted walls and woodwork, apply a very thin layer of non-greasy furniture polish. This protects the surface and saves frequent washing.

OVERHAUL

colour at strategic points is as good as a tonic both for the house and you.

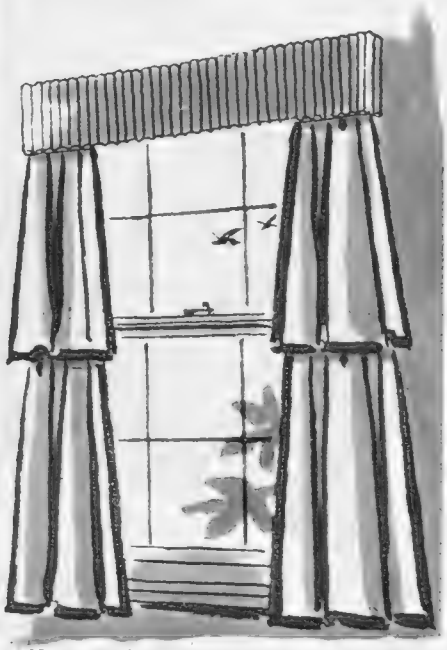
Here are a few suggestions for making practical cleaning operations effective with the least expenditure of labour, together with some simple notions for renovation with a special appeal to amateurs.

surfaces should be soapy water and toothbrush for cleaning mouldings.

(Below.) Carpets need not be taken up for washing. After sweeping, wash over in small sections with warm water and ammonia and carpet soap. Use water sparingly.

(Right.) Run the vacuum cleaner over upholstered furniture, then spray with D.D.T. solution to ensure against moth larvæ which lurk in the deep crevices.

A circle of striped silk with a hole cut in the centre is fitted to a wire frame. The edges are bound in colour and flutes are lightly tacked to the frame.



Narrow-width crash is hung in a two-tiered effect at a sash window. A pelmet of corrugated cardboard is distempered to match the walls against which it is set.

POLISH WITHOUT TEARS

GOOD household cleaning agents are as necessary as efficient implements at Spring-cleaning time. An overhaul of brooms, brushes and cleaning cloths is an essential first step to the Spring overhaul. Wash brooms and brushes and, where possible, replace badly worn ones. Dirty and inefficient implements add to fatigue and produce a less-than-perfect finished job.

New cleaning agents now on the market are worth noting. One range is based on ammonia, which has been well proved as a safe, efficient and harmless cleanser. It includes a furniture cream which is smooth and non-greasy ; a silver and plate polish which, after application, can be cleaned off immediately. A new non-slip floor polish gives a brilliant surface to wood, stained or parquet floors, as well as to linoleum. It polishes with little effort and guarantees a lustrous surface without danger of accidents.

Twin Set

In Basketweave Stitch

THE CARDIGAN.

MATERIALS : 8 ozs. of Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" Fingering ; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 needles ; 6 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS : From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 21 in.; across the back underarms, 17 in. ; across half front underarms, 10 in. (with edge) ; underarm of sleeve seams, 17 in.

TENSIONS for both Garments : 9 sts. to 1 in.

MAIN PATTERN FOR BOTH GARMENTS.

1st row.—* k. 2, p. 2. Repeat from * to end.

2nd row.—As 1st row.

3rd row.—* p. 2, k. 2. Repeat from * to end.

4th row.—As 3rd row.

These 4 rows form main pattern.

THE CARDIGAN—BACK.

With No. 12 needles cast on 106 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 4 in. Change to No. 10 needles and main pattern.

Work for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 126 sts. and work measures 14 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 96 sts. remain. Continue until armhole measures 7 in.

SHAPE SHOULDERS.

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 armhole end rows. Cast off the remaining sts.

RIGHT FRONT.

With No. 12 needles cast on 64 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 4 in. Change to No. 10 needles and main pattern. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. at the underarm edge of the next and every 6th row following until 68 sts. and work measures 14 in. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPING ARMHOLE AND FRONT SHAPING.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 armhole end rows, k. 2 tog. at the beg. of the next 6 armhole end rows, AT THE SAME TIME dec. 1 st. at the front edge of every 3rd row following until 32 sts. remain and armhole measures 7 in.

SHAPE SHOULDER.

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 armhole end rows. Work the Left Front as right, with the shaping at the opposite edges.

SLEEVES.

With No. 12 needles cast on 54 sts. Rib 2½ in. k. 1, p. 1. Change to No. 10 needles and main pattern. Work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 90 sts. and sleeve measures 17 in. from the cast on edge.

SHAPE TOP.

Cast off 4 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 30 sts. remain. Cast off.

(*Continued on page* 66)

ABBREVIATIONS: *k.=knit; p.=purl ; st.=stitch ; sts.=stitches ; dec.=decrease ; inc.=increase ; tog.=together ; beg.=beginning.*

The London Silhouette

Impressions from the Model House Collections giving second thoughts on the New Look.

THE London Model House dressmakers have recently shown their spring and summer collections. Here are second thoughts on the New Look, and the impressions which our artist has given on this page show you what the Englishwoman will be wearing when all the difficulties which go with such radical changes have been overcome.

After all, it is nothing more dramatic than an emphasis upon curves and a longer hemline. Waisted we must be at all costs, with shoulders softly rounded and necks either hugging the throat or dipping to a new low level.

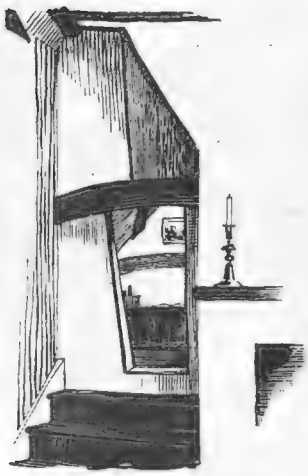
Top-coats are shaped and waisted or hang like tents from the shoulders. Nothing between these two outlines is permissible. Suits have springing skirts and short jackets flaring at the hips. Hats are wide-brimmed, or small and perched straight upon the crown of the head.

Country Cottage

The mellow beauty of the beamed cottage is generally associated with green pastures, but here is a description of a unique "Country" cottage of the Sixteenth Century which is only ten miles from Piccadilly Circus.

IN an age of mass production, with so much coming out, as it were, from a mould, there is a sad and increasing tendency to make us individually "one to a pattern" in everything we use and wear.

For all this, there is in most of us still an inherent yearning for individual expression. To be *ourselves* and to live and work among possessions which have some claims to individual character and beauty.



Some achieve this in a big way—some only in a small way and by virtue of their patient search for ways and means of breaking out from the iron ring of modern regimentation.

In a time when pounds go very little further than pennies used to do, this is not easy; more especially in relation to homes and houses. The modern house, however well-appointed, however scientifically equipped, is sadly lacking in the character which the craftsmanship of the past bestowed. The work of skilled hands remains as far removed as the stars from the mere products of efficient machinery.

ARCHITECTURAL gems of the past remain a dream to many of us; nevertheless, they still exist, and here and there a lucky explorer finds one and claims it for his own.

The fine Sixteenth-Century cottage which we have illustrated typifies such a discovery. Not the least of its attractions is that it is only 10 miles from Piccadilly Circus.

The problem of restoring it—it was scarcely recognisable as a thing of beauty—was far less formidable to Mr. Charles Boyton, the present owner, than it might have been to many. Mr. Boyton is an Industrial Designer and Silversmith, and a man who devotes a busy life to designing and re-styling modern goods for the world's markets. The restoration was for him a mere busman's holiday. Being an expert with artists' paint-brushes and palette knives, he was well equipped at the start to experiment and to exercise his talent upon the house. Such works of restoration are not a task for the jobbing plumber and carpenter. Only men who are craftsmen in their trade can do justice to the work of the craftsmen of the past. Mr. Boyton was fortunate in numbering some such skilled craftsmen among his friends. By combining their help and advice with his own determination to succeed, broken bricks and walls were dealt with in the spirit of the original; old beams and floor-boards were repaired.

The removal of old plaster was an exciting experiment, as it so often is in old houses where former owners have expended time and money in an inexplicable effort to conceal the characteristic features of the past.

FINE beams were discovered under the crumbling plaster and unspeakable wall-papers. Fine open fireplaces were exhumed from behind Victorian iron monstrosities.

The original building consisted of two single-chimney, timber-framed cottages which, in the course of years, had been extended

(1) The front door of the house is set back in a niche which divides what was once two single-chimney, timber-framed cottages.

(2) The dining-room has whitewashed walls as a background to lustrous surfaces of mahogany furniture and colourful period china.

(3) A fine old open fireplace was discovered behind a Victorian fireplace and now gives character and the cheer of a log-fire to the sitting-room.

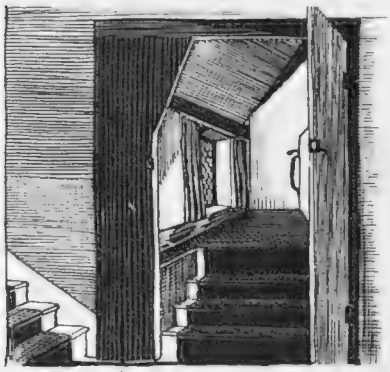
(4) Another aspect of the sitting-room shows the beams which were revealed when the crumbling plaster was removed from the walls.

(5) The stable door opens from the sitting-room into the garden and fulfils the function of a modern french window.

Photographed by Kenneth Cole, A.R.P.S.

In London

to make a roomy house. Whilst in general form the interior can be said to straggle, it does so in the most delightfully unexpected and yet compact fashion. An ancient winding staircase has been retained in addition to a later one. The small sketches by Paul Mann give some impression of the old staircase from several aspects and typify the atmosphere of this small treasure which, though so near to the roar of London's traffic, has all the peace and mellow charm of a country hide-out far from the Metropolis.



As the photograph of the exterior shows, the house opens directly on to the street, but a charming garden at one side slopes uphill in the shelter of trees.

LATTICE windows, low ceilings and ancient beams sometimes give an aspect of constriction and darkness in a cottage of this type, but in this case that problem has been by-passed by the introduction of pale walls as a background to fine old furniture of delicate proportions. Small pieces of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries lend themselves perfectly to such an architectural background, and by their grace counteract any possible tendency to crowding.

RESTORING the cottage was a long and arduous business for the Boytons, who did most of it themselves with the aid of some local talent in the way of whitewashers and painters. The transformation from a rather dreary cottage "with possibilities" to a little period house of convincing character is both interesting and encouraging to those many people whose hope it is that some day, somehow, such an opportunity may present itself to them.

Taking The Long View

SEEING ourselves as others see us is no affair for the hand-mirror. Only by taking a full-length view can you get a realistic idea of yourself as the world sees you. Most of us get misleading impressions of our own appearance from just a "top-half" view, taken from the waist up. Five women I watched in a restaurant cloakroom were content with seeing less than 50 per cent. of themselves: only the sixth stepped across the room to look in a full-length mirror.

SHOES should not only be becoming to your feet, they should show your legs in a good light. Different shapes and styles suit different types of legs. Square-toed shoes do not suit plump legs, for instance. Long, narrow shoes should be avoided by those whose legs are thin: an ankle-strap, a cross-over style or a decorative buckle will be better.

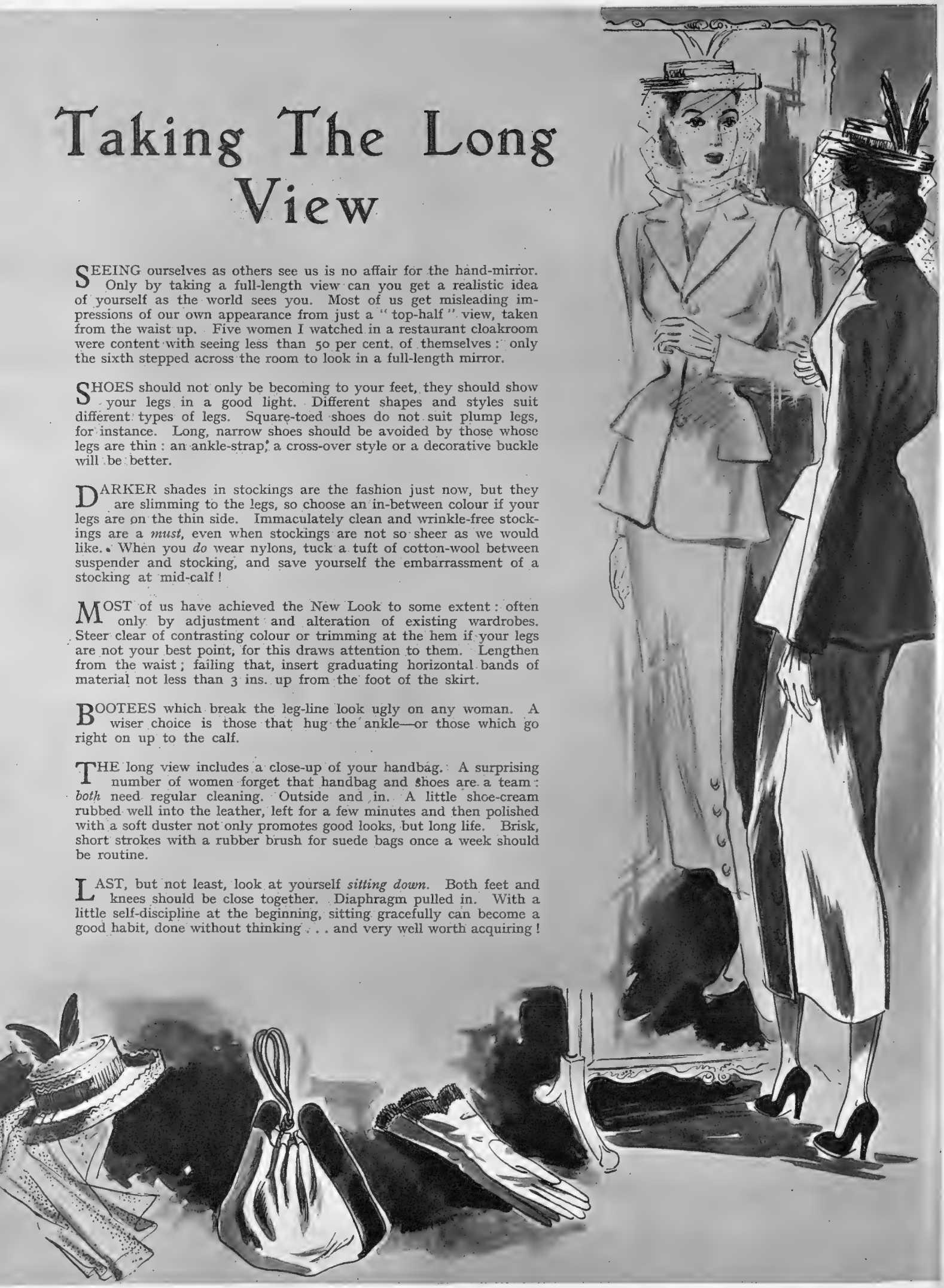
DARKER shades in stockings are the fashion just now, but they are slimming to the legs, so choose an in-between colour if your legs are on the thin side. Immaculately clean and wrinkle-free stockings are a *must*, even when stockings are not so sheer as we would like. When you *do* wear nylons, tuck a tuft of cotton-wool between suspender and stocking, and save yourself the embarrassment of a stocking at mid-calf!

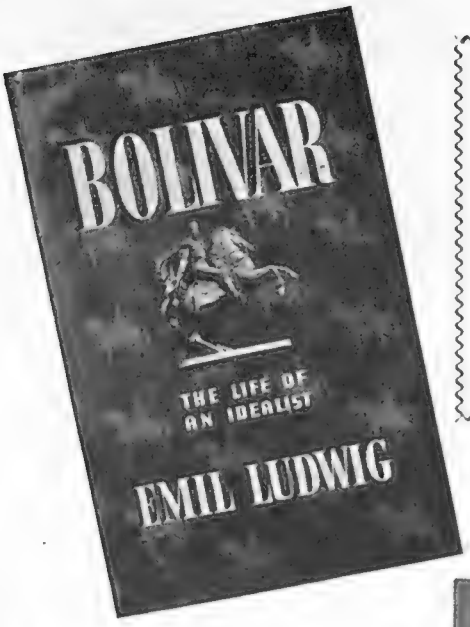
MOST of us have achieved the New Look to some extent: often only by adjustment and alteration of existing wardrobes. Steer clear of contrasting colour or trimming at the hem if your legs are not your best point, for this draws attention to them. Lengthen from the waist; failing that, insert graduating horizontal bands of material not less than 3 ins. up from the foot of the skirt.

BOOTEES which break the leg-line look ugly on any woman. A wiser choice is those that hug the ankle—or those which go right on up to the calf.

THE long view includes a close-up of your handbag. A surprising number of women forget that handbag and shoes are a team: *both* need regular cleaning. Outside and in. A little shoe-cream rubbed well into the leather, left for a few minutes and then polished with a soft duster not only promotes good looks, but long life. Brisk, short strokes with a rubber brush for suede bags once a week should be routine.

LAST, but not least, look at yourself *sitting down*. Both feet and knees should be close together. Diaphragm pulled in. With a little self-discipline at the beginning, sitting gracefully can become a good habit, done without thinking . . . and very well worth acquiring!





LIFE OF A LIBERATOR

WHEN Simon Bolivar was a rich, young dandy in Paris he told his mistress, Fanny de Villars: "If she (fortune) had not laid a sack of gold in my path, I would have made glory my cult, the one goal of my life, whether as a man of learning or as a friend of freedom. As liberator of South America, and then dictator, he found glory enough, though he did conclude at the end of it all, "There have been three great fools in history: Jesus, Don Quixote, and I" and, as Emil Ludwig ironically records in **"Bolivar"** (W. H. Allen, 17s. 6d.): "To bury the man who was born with five millions and died with five republics, a clean shirt had to be borrowed from a neighbour. Another townsman borrowed the money for the funeral."

This biography, commissioned by the Venezuelan Government, is a psychological study of an idealist who was also strong man of action and inveterate lover—notably of the lovely Manuela Saenz, "the first woman he found to match him as a rider, to accompany him on his campaigns, astride her horse in wide trousers and a red dolman, to fear no danger and shoot like a rifleman." Here is a burst of drama, romance and hero-worship to colour the grey days in which we live and prompt the Mrs. Smiths to ask of their austerity hubbies: "Why aren't you more like Bolivar than Mr. Strachey?"

Books:

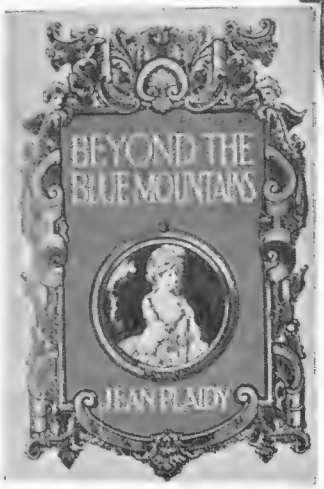
Reviewed by

Trevor Allen

U.S. novelists are certainly thorough. Mr. Louis Zara, for example, isn't content merely to portray the first fourteen years or so of his heroine "Ruth Middleton" (W. H. Allen, 10s. 6d.). He devotes a first chapter to her prenatal growth in biological detail, with running commentary by the parents on progress so far and appropriate Biblical quotation; and I've no doubt that, in its challenging unconventionality, it will provoke as much talk and attention as the recent film on the science of child-birth for which people queued. The rest of the story traces Ruth's day-to-day family life and awakening to love, and one can only call it an astonishing achievement for a man, for most women, I imagine, will credit him with a remarkable insight into the psychology and emotions of girlhood.

MR. ZARA has certainly scooped Miss Ethel Mannin—a woman, too—for all she says of the beginnings of Francis Sable in "Late Have I Loved Thee" (Jarrolds, 12s. 6d.) is: "He was born at Crag House in Cumberland in 1899"—which, perhaps, suffices for most people. He had love affairs in Left-Bank Paris, became a successful writer, and in the early 'thirties suddenly fizzled out. Why? Because on a winter holiday in the Tyrol he was introduced to the works of St. Augustine and saw the worthlessness of his bohemian, cosmopolitan life: "You drank too much and were madly gay and correspondingly promiscuous. It was rakish and raffish and terribly amusing. Your body was drenched in sun and wine—and Pernod—and sex. Your mind was drenched—to saturation point—with D. H. Lawrence, the Russian Ballet, and sex." He became a Jesuit priest, and in Connemara died a saint. Miss Mannin makes a convincing study both of this modern rake's progress and his redemption. Style and background—especially the Irish one—mark a further stage in the mature development of a spirited novelist.

TWO motherless sisters brought up by a grim aunt in a grim Cumberland rectory, compared with which "Haworth Parsonage would have been a house of sunshine and gaiety," are the chief characters in Miss Margaret Ferguson's "Sleep My Pretty One" (Cassell, 10s. 6d.). Bethany, the younger, is dreamy, unstable, other-worldly, and it is this abnormality—perilously near to insanity—which impels her to remove, at all costs, the woman who stands in the way of the happiness of her sister and the man she loves. To her it is no dreadful thing to do because her mind "accepted death and meeting people after death as quite a normal and inevitable thing. She had no dread or terror of death, either for herself or for anyone else." The drama of this novel is thus partly psychic, and there is much spiritual beauty in the telling. A distinctive piece of work.



THOSE who prefer plenty of swashbuckling action with flashing rapiers, piracy thrills, fights with Indians, romantic love, will find it in Mr. Robert Hardy Andrews's "Burning Gold" (Hurst & Blackett, 12s. 6d.), a picaresque novel of the adventures of Tom Dover, a poor doctor in Defoe's London, Queen Anne's England, who becomes the hero of breathtaking exploits in the Caribbean and Pacific. We loved this kind of story in blood-and-thunder youth; why not again, for light recreation, in the Income Tax food-queue dog days?

WHEN I picked up Jean Plaidy's "Beyond the Blue Mountains" (Hale, 12s. 6d.) I had just read Miss Janet Whitney's fascinating biography, *Elizabeth Fry*, in the Guild "cheaps." The novel covers similar ground—Newgate Jail, the (*Continued on page* 64)

TO-DAY in London the price of models designed in the famous dress houses has soared until you really begin to feel that "the sky is the limit." If you see a dress show and choose a model, the price quoted will be anything from seventy to one hundred and fifty guineas. Your first feeling is that the dressmaker must be profiteering which, indeed, is far from being the truth. The Government takes more than half of the price you pay. Wages and the expense of running the establishment have mounted steeply and so, actually, the dressmaker is probably making less profit than he did in pre-war days when the price charged was from twenty-five to fifty guineas. Your hundred guinea model is really costing you nearly two hundred guineas because you are paying at least nine shillings in the pound Income Tax. In New York prices have also soared for models, but then the income tax is so much less than ours. In Paris the price charged for models is "out of this world" and doubled again by our own customs if the model is brought into this country. The answer is to adjust your figure to enable you to buy off the peg at pegged prices.

Jane Gordon

THAT man who claimed so boastfully that he was the master of his fate and the captain of his soul was a mere weakling compared with the women of this year of grace who insist on wearing ankle-length skirts necessitating extra yards of material in spite of the acute coupon shortage. To increase the Purchase Tax, peg prices and, at the same time, lengthen skirts, is a pretty tough proposition for the dressmaker. The truth of the matter is that the women have staged a revolution against official dictatorship and they intend to get their own way at all costs.

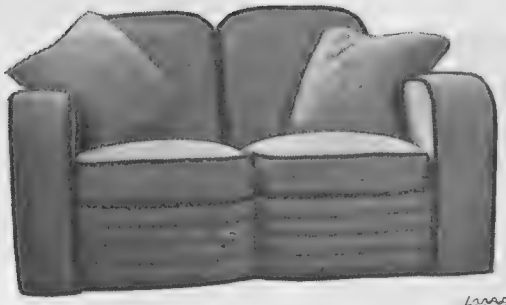
This year's glamour clothes demand extra yards of material for every garment from the top coat to the dance frock. Fine crepe wool mixtures are used for summer coats with coachmen's capes of at least three layers. Umbrella skirts, pleated skirts and gathered skirts reach the mid-calf or below. The new mushroom shades, pearl grey, cigar brown, clear yellow, hopsacks, wool crepes, and fine summer tweeds are delicately glamorous and have nothing to do with austerity or utility, and every hat gaily flaunts all that Sir Stafford Cripps stands for.

COSMETICS are keeping pace with the new fashion. Bigger and better lipsticks are now on the market. Dorothy Gray's new magnum-size lipstick, named "Fury"—after the film *Blanche Fury*—has a new base to pamper sensitive lips. It is a clear red which compliments all the new summer shades, such as: mushroom and cigar browns. There is a cream rouge to match and, eventually one hopes, we may have the nail varnish which is now for "export only." There are other shades of lipstick, magnum-size, price 13s. 9d., with the matching cream rouge, 9s. 2d.

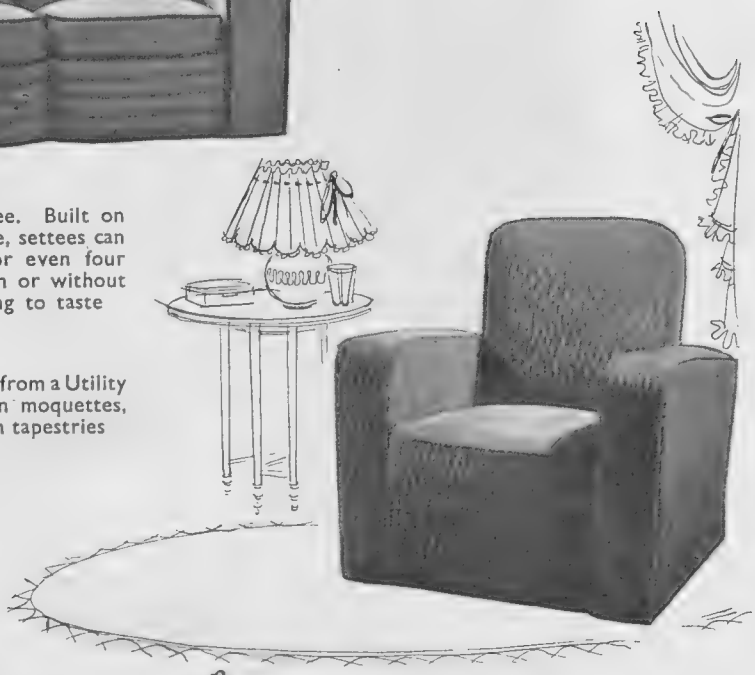
This is a beauty parlour which caters for every age and all types of skin. Here you can get three different types of cleansing cream; four skin foods for different ages, and different skins; three tonics and two types of face powder, one called "Elation"; which is for the delicate, sensitive complexion and should be worn over an Elation foundation film; the other powder is called "Portrait" and for this there are five shades of foundation cream or lotion, called Finishine. The liquid is for the heavier type of skin and the cream for the dry skin. The treatments given include a throat and tired-eye treatment, which costs 30s. and includes back and throat massage as well as a facial with a mask and special eye treatment ending, of course, with a tonic and make-up. There is a 25s. mask frappé which is designed to make you extra pretty for parties. This also includes back and throat treatment as well as the mask and facial. For a guinea you can get the basic treatment, and for 15s. a quick toning face massage and make-up. The Blustry Weather lotion is exceptionally good for sporting and countrywomen, as it acts as a shutter between you and the weather. It can be used as a face lotion or a hand lotion, as a powder foundation, or simply by itself with no make-up at all.

SEVEN shades of Goya's lipstick are now on the market in magnum-size. The case is black and gold and has a real jewellers' look about it. The colours include: Burgundy, Petunia, Cherry (which are the dark shades), Trinidad, Seventeen, Goya Pink, and Basque (which are the lighter shades). This new lipstick case is called "Grandee" and the metal used is specially (*Continued on page* 68)

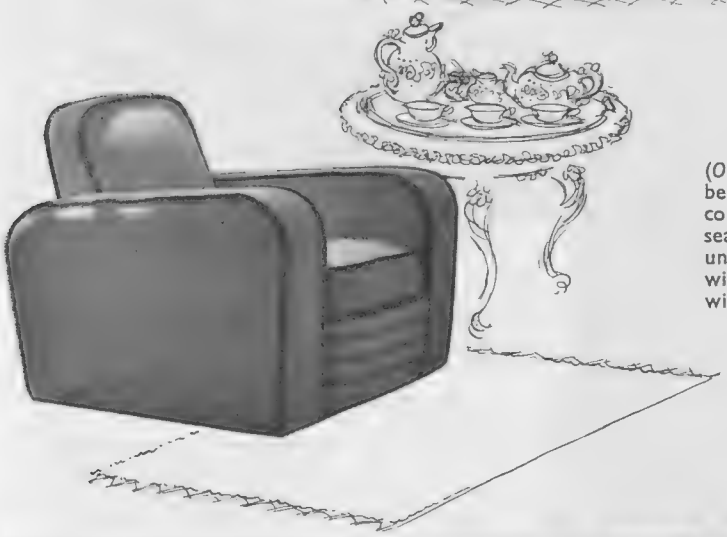
TAKE A CHAIR



Two seater settee. Built on the unit principle, settees can be two, three or even four seater type, with or without arms, according to taste



(*Right*) Armchair from a Utility suite, available in moquettes, wool or cotton tapestries



(*On left*) Roomy without being bulky, the sectional construction easy chair with seat and arms in separate units locked by a simple wing nut bolt. Steel framed with cushion in Dunlopillo Latex cushioning

PROSPECTS for setting up house, more especially in connection with obtaining upholstered and good comfortable chairs, are apt to be depressing. With only Utility ranges to choose from (though excellent of their type), furnishings schemes lack individuality and one yearns for something a little different and a little more luxurious.

The position is not ideal but supplies of the better types of upholstered furniture are coming along in limited quantities and delivery of some of the well-known makes is down to six weeks from the date of placing the order.

New methods of construction and new designs have greatly improved the standard of chair comfort. Nor is ease synonymous with size. Without sacrificing anything to comfort and design, overall measurements have been kept to a minimum so that this new furniture is in scale with the proportions of the average modern room.

THE outstanding feature of new furniture is its lightness. The old type of heavy wooden frame has been replaced in many instances, by lightweight non-corrosive metal. Besides being stronger than wood, and impervious to wood pests, these metal frames have the obvious advantage of lightness for the purposes of cleaning and furniture removals.

Upholstery stuffing has been revolutionized by the use of rubber. In some instances rubberized hair is used, and in others hair stuffing is entirely replaced by sponge rubber which gives added resilience to cushions and a high degree of comfort when used for backs and seats.

UNIT construction is another important innovation. Removable cushions have long since been familiar, but sectional upholstery, with removable backs and arms, push the principles of easy cleaning and recovering to a logical conclusion. Besides these practical considerations, a three-seater settee that can be split up when occasion demands, to make three easy chairs is an ideal solution of the problems of furnishing the small sitting-room. These are no gadgets or complicated machinery and the settee is reassembled by a simple bolting process.

Unfortunately shortage of fabrics is the limiting factor in the production of new upholstered furniture. The range available now, however, is quite good, and includes traditional and modern tapestry designs, all over patterns and decorative weaves.

"Frilford," a suite designed to rest every part of the body including the head. Stressed steel framed for strength and interior coil sprung for comfort. The loose seat cushions have interior springing and backs are removable for easy cleaning

For further information and details of this furniture, write to The Editor, Women's Department, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1 enclosing a stamped envelope

Problem Complexion

SKINS that are partly oily and partly dry are "problem" complexions about which I am so often asked for advice. In these cases the oily areas are the nose, chin and forehead, while other areas remain dry and flaky.

A sound beauty schedule shall be followed to correct this condition, and it is imperative that victims of the combination skin should not neglect their daily beauty chores.

Cleanse the face night and morning with a soapless liquid preparation. Moisten the skin with tepid water, then apply this liquid sparingly (it will lather generously). Rinse well, first with warm and finally with cold water. This will help to diminish the oiliness without aggravating drying in other parts.

Next, at some time of the day, give yourself a facial massage with nourishing cream. The best of these are rather costly, but if used sparingly—a teaspoonful at a time is enough—I can promise they will be beneficial. I shall be glad to give names and prices to interested readers who write to me.

If little veins appear owing to exposure or poor circulation, cosset the skin by using extra nourishing cream.

Keep astringent creams and lotions only for the oily parts of the face, and use the blandest of creams on the cheeks. In cold and windy weather use a good protective cream, and a coating of powder.

The daily face massage is vital to the treatment.

Begin the massage by smoothing the cream over the face and throat. Make a loose fist of each hand, placing the second joint of the knuckles at the base of the throat. Move up to the chin using each bent finger separately. Continue along the jaw bone to the lobe of the ear and work up to the temples. Next place the hands at the chin and "walk" the knuckles up the expression lines to the corners of the nostrils. Continue under the cheek bone to the temple and over the forehead. Work very gently round the eyes with feather-light movements, using the tips of the fingers and *do not drag* the fine skin there. This massage relaxes and tones tired muscles and helps to get the problem skin back into condition.

Remove the excess of cream from the cheeks with a wad of cotton wool soaked in warm water and a little skin tonic.

For a muddy skin and sallowness due to congested (*Continued on page* 68)

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems or further details of preparations mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Making A Manicure Last

A GOOD manicure takes time and since most of us are short of time *and* nail varnish tips for making a manicure last are acceptable.

First rule when applying varnish is to let the first coat dry hard before applying the second. This is a tedious business, but it pays. If you have been fortunate enough to obtain one of the colourless undercoatings the same applies. Let it dry hard before applying the finishing coat of colour.

Do not apply varnish too thickly. If it has thickened, thin it down with remover. A thin coating lasts much longer than a thick one.

While the varnish is still wet run the finger lightly around the top of the varnished nail. This leaves a hairline of white which scarcely shows yet helps to prevent chipping. If you wear your nails long a touch of varnish on the underside of the nail will also help to solve the chipping problem.

Bath salts containing a lot of soda causes varnish to scale. If you are using this type of bath salts apply a little cuticle oil or Vaseline to the nails before you take a bath.

New Look Figures

BEFORE embarking on a New Look outfit some of us will recognize the need for a little streamlining of the figure.

Thickening of the waist-line, heavy diaphragms and abdomens, are problems which face many women chiefly because diet to-day is not always ideally balanced. Most of us are eating more starch.

The fact is that *we are what we eat*, and excessive weight if not attributable to over-eating can be caused by eating wrong things at the wrong times. Unless, of course, there is some deeper seated disorder, in which case it is a matter for a doctor.

Try cutting down on starches. Reduce potatoes, and eat bread cut *very* thin and toasted.

Increase your intake of fresh vegetables and fruit, take less sugar in tea or coffee and drink at least six glasses of water a day, warm for preference. Begin the day with a glass of hot water instead of early tea.

Another important factor in healthful reducing is to see that elimination is regular. Constipation is one of the main causes of obesity round the waistline. However, plenty of fruit, vegetables and water drinking, combined with exercises which tone the abdominal muscles should help faults in this direction. Purgatives are not advisable except for occasional use in emergency. If diet and exercise are not immediately helpful try a gentle laxative, preferably a vegetable one, but discontinue it as soon as possible.

Now for a few simple, but all-important exercises, guaranteed to sculpture the waistline, firm up the abdominal muscles and remove "spare tyres" above the waist.

1. Stand erect, feet together, arms extended sideways. Bend body to right side until right arm is below knee and right arm in air. Then repeat to the left side.

2. Stand erect, feet apart, arms extended upwards. Swing down bringing arms between knees.

3. Stand erect with feet apart and arms stretched upwards. Swing down and touch left foot with right hand and vice versa.

4. Lie flat on the floor, legs together and arms stretched behind head. Lift the body into a sitting position, without lifting the feet from the floor, and endeavour to touch the toes.

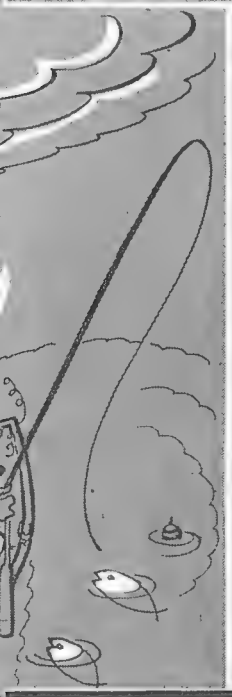
5. Lie on right side, swing left leg forward and right leg backward. Repeat lying on left side. This is well described as the "Scissors" movement.

While exercising breathe deeply and rhythmically. Inhale slowly through the nose and (*Continued on page* 68)

The New Look figure idealized by Janis Carter, Columbia motion picture star

FISH BASKETS

FISH ROLLED FILLETS



Fish With A Difference

IT would not be difficult to tire quickly of fish. For long enough we have had to fall back on it for breakfast, lunch or supper. Too often there are periods when no interesting fish is available. So we must make it "Fish with a difference," and as we plan our menu think of some tempting variations. This can easily be achieved with the help of a tasty sauce or stuffing and an occasional rasher of bacon for some of the flavourless fishes. I prefer to be less ambitious with fish at breakfast, partly because of time, but also because few people feel like a piquant sauce or savoury flavouring at that hour of the day. I find, too, that with children it is generally unpopular if one plays about much with fish or meat. But at supper-time or when entertaining we can really let ourselves go. The following recipes are designed chiefly for this purpose.

CRAB COCKTAILS

FISH BASKETS

Ingredients: Short pastry; 1 tin salmon, oysters or any white fish; ¼ lb. cooked mushrooms or anchovy sauce; ¼ pint white sauce; 1 or 2 whole cooked carrots and parsley.

Well grease eight dariol tins on outside. Cover outsides with pastry, trim edges and stand tins upside down on baking-sheet. Bake in good oven, regulo 6 or 450° F. for about 15 minutes. Carefully remove tins while pastry is hot. Have ready the following fillings: Cream fish and add to sauce with chopped cooked mushrooms or anchovy flavouring. Cut carrots into rounds and stamp into flower shapes with fancy cutters. Fill pastry baskets with fish mixture and decorate tops with sprigs of parsley and carrot shapes to look like baskets of flowers.

CRAB COCKTAILS

Ingredients: Fresh or tinned dressed crab or other fish; 1 pint of white sauce coloured light pink with cochineal; small tomatoes or lemon.

Cream fish with sauce. Fill champagne glasses with mixture. When cold garnish with lemon or a tiny tomato to look like a cherry. Serve with green salad and brown bread and butter, cut very thin and rolled.

Now try these recipes, made delicious without the aid of sauce.

ROLLED FILLETS OF SOLE OR PLAICE

Either skin fillets or choose those with white skins. Spread fillets with the following stuffing. (*Contd. on p.* 64)

Jam From

By the spring our home-made jams get low. If you have some dried fruit you can make an excellent jam to fill the gap. For a luxury use one of the imported South African fresh fruits, nectarines, plums, etc., which are in plentiful supply just now.

PEACH OR APRICOT JAM (dried fruit)

To 1 lb. fruit allow 2 lemons, 2 oranges and sugar and water to cover. Add grated rind of oranges and lemons. Cover basin and stand overnight. Turn contents into preserving pan. Simmer slowly till fruit is soft. Rub through

Taking The Biscuit

By Harriet Muir

I ALWAYS like to have two tins of biscuits in my cupboard, one sweet and one savoury. I find them invaluable to draw on in every kind of emergency. Filled biscuits make excellent hors d'oeuvres, or savouries in place of a sweet. Served with cheese, they are much nicer than bread.

Home-made sweet biscuits help out at tea-time, or at 11 a.m. when your early breakfast and shopping have made you long for a nibble, and they are a boon for friends who drop in for coffee.

Now let's see what we can put into the tins.

SWEET BISCUITS

Dried Fruit

sieve and measure purée. To each pint allow ¾ lb. sugar and boil again until jam thickens.

NECTARINE JAM

To 1 lb. nectarines, weighed after stoning, allow 1 lb. sugar, and 1 gill water. Wipe fruit carefully. Cut in halves with silver knife and stone. Crack some of the stones and blanch kernels. Put sugar and water in preserving pan. Boil to a syrup, add fruit and cook till tender but not broken. Lift out with draining spoon. Place in hot dry pots. Boil syrup until it sets when tested, add kernels. Pour over fruit.

SWEET BISCUITS (Chocolate Butterscotch Biscuits)

Ingredients: 4 oz. flour; 1 oz. margarine; 2 tablespoonsful golden syrup; 1 level teaspoonful bicarbonate soda; vanilla flavouring.

Melt margarine and syrup. Remove from heat. Stir in flavouring and soda. Pour on to flour. When cool roll out thinly and cut into rounds.

Bake in moderate oven, regulo 4, 350° F., until golden brown, about 15 minutes. When cold, sandwich together with chocolate-butter icing.

SAVOURY BISCUITS (Wholemeal Sandwiches)

Ingredients: 8 oz. wholemeal flour; 2 oz. margarine; 1 oz. sugar; pinch salt; ¼ pint milk and water.

Sift dry ingredients together and add margarine melted in warmed milk. Roll out thinly, cut in rounds and prick with fork. Bake in moderate oven for 25 minutes, 350° F. or Regulo 4.

Sandwich together with any savoury paste such as cheese and tomato or cheese creamed with margarine and celery salt.

GINGER JUMBLES

Ingredients: 4 oz. flour; 1½ oz. fat; 1 oz. sugar; 1 teaspoonful vinegar; ½ teaspoonful ginger; ¼ teaspoonful bicarbonate soda; 2 dessertspoonsful syrup; pinch salt.

Mix dry ingredients together except soda. Rub in fat and add syrup. Mix soda with vinegar and as it foams pour into mixture. Work all together into a firm dough. Add a little milk if needed. Roll into thin sausages between the fingers and twist into knots, figures of eight or any fancy shapes.

MAGDALA BISCUITS

Ingredients: 3 oz. flour; 1 oz. grated cheese; 2 oz. margarine; salt and pepper; 1 reconstituted egg; chopped parsley.

Mix flour with cheese and seasoning. Rub in margarine and form into very stiff paste with egg. Roll out and cut in thin rounds of two sizes, half about 2 in., and half about 1½ in. Bake in moderate oven, Regulo 4 or 350° F.

Cream a little grated cheese with a flavouring of tomato ketchup. Pile on to larger biscuits, put a small one on top; add a little more mixture on them. Sprinkle with parsley.

ANCHOVY CRISPS (Biscuits)

Ingredients: ½ lb. flour; pinch salt; heaped teaspoonful baking powder; milk and water.

Sift baking powder and salt into flour. Form into stiff dough with milk and water. Roll out thin and cut into small rounds. Prick and bake in moderate oven.

Spread with thin layer of anchovy paste covered with a little cold scrambled egg and chopped parsley. This biscuit is a useful foundation for any savoury.

SAVOURY BISCUITS

The Viscountess Tarbat uses Pond's Cold Cream and Pond's Vanishing Cream regularly

THE

Viscountess Tarbat

Truly regal in appearance, the Viscountess Tarbat has a lovely fair complexion that is admired by all who meet her. Yet her beauty care is simple. "Pond's Creams keep my skin smooth and soft," says Lady Tarbat. Use Pond's Cold Cream for cleansing your skin and Pond's Vanishing Cream as a powder foundation. You'll be delighted with the difference in your appearance.

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The good 'tempered'

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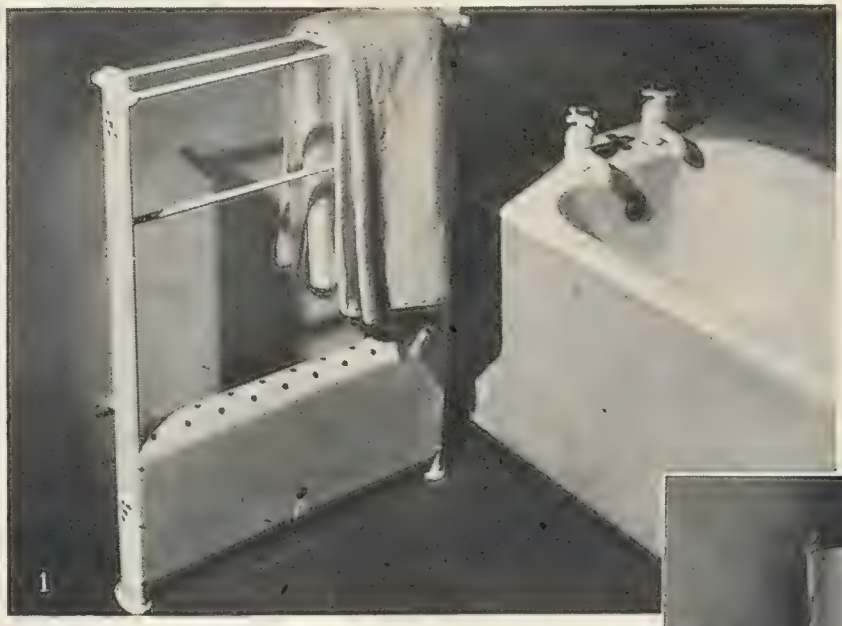
675

New Appliances For The Home

Domestic appliances designed to ease the housewife's burdens, are continually appearing on the market. Here are some which will prove as valuable in the large household as in the business woman's flatlet

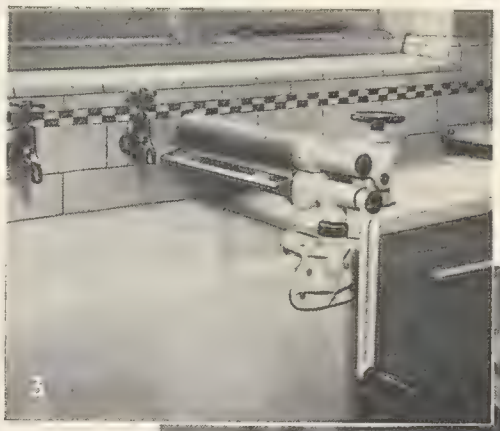


1. Gas towel rail, which dries by means of hot air and is so constructed that there is no danger of scorching or burning. It is fitted with three rails, and can be used for airing clothes as well as drying towels. Price approximately 10 gns.

2. An instantaneous single-point gas water-heater which will provide boiling, hot or warm water at the turn of a tap. The heater is fitted with a simple selector tap which regulates the supply of water to the required temperature. Price £18 12s. 5d.

3. The "Wringlet," a new lightweight wringer with open-ended rubber rollers capable of taking large items of laundry. Alternative brackets are supplied so that the wringlet can be attached to sink, table, or draining-board to meet requirements. Price 99s. 4d.

4. A streamlined two-burner gas hotplate, capable of cooking a simple meal, acting as a chafing dish or for auxiliary cooking. Price 50s. approx.



If you would like further details of these appliances, write, enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope to The Editor, Women's Section, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, New Oxford St., W.C.1

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FAMOUS CLUBS

BUCK'S

The Bar at Buck's Club specially painted for Votrix Vermouth by Leslie Saalburg

Buck's Club was founded in June 1919 by Capt. H. J. Buckmaster and a number of fellow officers of the Blues, and had its origin in the suggestion that they should find a place to " meet, have a drink, play euchre and write a letter ".

This youngest of London's Clubs — indeed it was the first Club to be started in the West End for over 100 years — opened up with 250 members, and found premises in a seventeenth-century house in Clifford Street, much of which is decorated in the Adam style.

Buck's was the first Club to introduce an American Bar — an innovation which was soon followed by other London Clubs, and in 1933 the adjoining premises in Old Burlington Street were acquired and became the Ladies' Annexe.

In September 1940, the Club premises were badly damaged by a land-mine, which split the walls, shattered the roof and destroyed two of the lovely old ceilings, but in spite of this the Club carried on.

The arrival in this country of the U.S. armed forces brought new friends with introductions from American members, and for many of them Buck's became their London home during the war.

One American visitor, Robert Sherwood the famous author, wrote in 1944: " Buck's Club, come peace or war, is a centre of civilisation for which I, and many others, are profoundly grateful."

VOTRIX VERMOUTH · SWEET 10/6 · DRY 11/6
PRODUCED AND BOTTLED BY VINE PRODUCTS LIMITED, KINGSTON, SURREY

Island Fever (*Continued from page* 15)

and another man were killed and the Baroness disappeared with her consort. Dore Strauch, broken hearted, returned to Berlin.

But Floriana was kinder to Frances and Ainslee Conway. He was a forty-year-old mining engineer, she a retired school teacher; but they had the stuff of pioneers in them. "Frankly, I don't know what our motives are," Mrs. Conway wrote to a friend after the adventure was under way. "A taste for adventure, a certain dissatisfaction with what we were doing in the States—neither of us likes jobs very much—difficulty in finding a place to live——" At any rate, in 1937 they set sail in a small boat bound from California to Floriana. Neither of them knew much about navigation, but they made a landfall right on the nose of the "ash heap," not far from where the Ritters had made their futile bid for happiness.

THE Conways had their troubles in the beginning, too. The all-meat diet of the first few months disagreed with them, and their vegetable garden was slow in growing; but they stuck it out. After five years they went back to the States for a short vacation but they are back on Floriana, now, and intend to stay.

Hugo Weber is a famous island hermit who has often been called the second Robinson Crusoe. Weber was a sailor on the German cruiser Dresden when the ship sank off the Chilean coast near Mas a Tierra, the "Isle of Lonely Men." He swam ashore and lived on the island until a boat's crew from a Chilean warship found him and interned him nearby on another islet of the Juan Fernandez group named Quiriquina. It was here that he really began his career as a modern Robinson Crusoe. He led a completely independent life, and learned to hunt with primitive weapons and live off the island's bare resources.

In 1919 he was freed, and after wandering around South America for a while he returned to Germany. But island fever was still in his blood. After a few disconsolate years he came to a great decision: to return to Mas a Tierra. He went back in 1932 and obtained permission from the Chilean government to settle there as a wild life caretaker. Four years later, when he considered that he was well established, he sent to Germany for his sweetheart, and she came at once, bringing a radio for company. His trip out to the mainland to be married was the first occasion on which he had left the island since his return.

He is not so happy, now, however. Ships began to visit the island during the last war, and once an excursion boat dared to invade his privacy. But the final blow came when the government established an air base only a few miles from his hut and people began to wander about "as thick as flies." He has recently announced his intention of emigrating—to a lonely isle, somewhere.

But Weber was a pale imitation of a hermit compared to a man discovered by Edward Norman, an English flyer, in 1938. Norman was making a routine flight between Singapore and Sydney when motor trouble forced him down on the uncharted island of Anao, about a thousand miles from Australia. Scarcely had he landed when a nude middle aged man with a waist-long beard appeared and threatened him with an ancient rifle. He cursed the frightened pilot and demanded that he leave immediately.

Norman finally succeeded in pointing out that there was no feasible way he could leave the island, since the plane would not fly, and he was too tired to swim a thousand miles. At last he succeeded in pacifying the hermit, and learned his story. His name was Count Wilhelm Rosenow, and he had been a captain in the German Navy. His wife had run away with his best friend in 1909, and he had set out in a small boat to hunt for a lonely place to forget his sorrow. He landed on Anao in 1912, and had been there ever since.

The island was far removed from the shipping routes, and in the twenty-six years of his stay he had not seen another human being and knew nothing that had happened in the world since his self-imposed exile. Like a child he admired Norman's plane, for airplanes were little more than kites with engines when he disappeared. He was fascinated by the radio, too, and listened eagerly to every detail Norman could tell him of the contemporary world. But when a plane came to take the flyer away Count Wilhelm Rosenow could not be found for several hours. At last he was discovered hiding in a cave with the tip of his rifle projecting threateningly. He refused to come out, and said he would shoot anybody who tried to take him away. No one tried.

SURPRISINGLY enough, many of the lonely island stories have the Mediterranean or the Adriatic as their setting. Sailors have been criss-crossing these waters since the dawn of history, yet there are many uncharted and unexplored islands in the east of Greece and off the Dalmatian coast. A few hardy souls have lived there for years in total isolation, yet almost in sight of the mainland.

A German by the name of Paul Hartmann, for instance, appeared in Italy soon after the end of the war and settled down for a month to read the newspapers. He said he had lived more than twenty-eight years on a little rock in the Sea Bran. He landed there with some friends when their motor schooner sank, and when they were rescued he refused to leave. He lives in a tiny hut, grows vegetables, and catches fish from the sea. Once a year he rows to the mainland to barter his surplus vegetables for clothing and supplies, then returns to his rock. After the newspaper spree he quietly rowed away, "back to sanity."

THEN there is Jean Duvivier who lives on the island Itos near Samos. Duvivier deserted from the French Army during World War I and fled to Italy. When Italy began to fight Germany he had to look for a place to hide, and after many false starts he finally reached Itos in a row boat. He was condemned to death in absence, but after the armistice was granted an amnesty. A messenger was sent to him asking him to return to France so that he could sign some important papers disposing of his property, but he refused to go or to have anything to do with the life he hated.

Another German, Johann Wagner, has set up a kingdom on the tiny rock Kithi. His domain is less than 700 feet square, and has very little vegetation; but he professes to be very happy with his two dogs and approximately thirty-eight cats.

Not all island squatters are content with the hard lot of the Conways, the Duviviers, and the Wagners, however. The Englishman, Arthur Kennedy, started out as a hermit on the Adriatic island of Logor some twenty years ago, but he grew tired of a Spartan existence, and when his wife joined him they built a modern house, a golf course and beautiful gardens, and began to live in style. But they still preserve their solitude. They built a huge fence around the whole island, and fishermen say it carries a powerful electrical charge to keep unwelcome guests away.

Legend has surrounded San Pancrazio, one of the Brissago islands, with almost a fairy-tale splendour. This tiny island in the Swiss Lago Maggiore, near Intrago, was bought in 1883 by Antoinette de St. Leger, reputedly a Romanov princess. She re-named it "Isole S. Leger," and transformed it into her own idea of paradise. She lived for years in complete solitude, but eventually her health failed, she lost her fortune, and was forced to sell the island. A rich German merchant bought it, built a baroque palace, and turned it into a glorified resort for his friends. When he died the property was put up for sale, but because of the war no buyer was found until recently when a group of families resolved to buy it communally. They plan to pull down the palace and build a colony of small houses where they can live at peace.

Business in island real estate has always been brisk along (*Continued on page* 52)

Whenever Canned Fruit is about . .

Libby's 100 Famous Foods, including Evaporated Milk, Canned Pears, Peaches, Pineapples, etc., are identified by the familiar Blue and White Label.

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Wherever Claudette goes, the male eye picks her out. Nothing slap-dash about this girl—she takes pride in her appearance. She looks after her clothes with Thawpit; a weekly 'do' keeps them clean and neat. Clothes *absorb* dirt; thousands of tiny specks, invisible separately, cling to the fabric—especially to the collar, cuffs, and waistfront.

Use Thawpit regularly each week and keep your own clothes—and your husband's—spick and span. Supplies of Thawpit are plentiful again in most shops. Price 1/3 a bottle.

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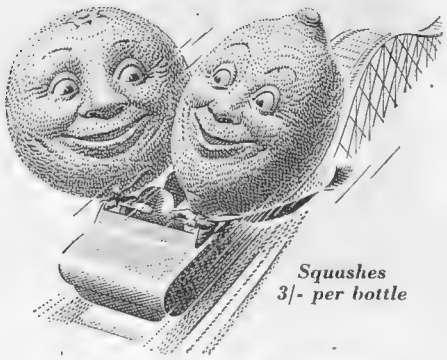

Squashes 3/- per bottle

Now, you can switch-back to

IDRIS

The Quality Soft Drink

The favourite for tea-time

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For a change we recommend Chivers Plum Jam. Plenty of fruit—Lovely Flavour.

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ED102

the British coast. For many years one London real estate agent specialized in these isolated properties exclusively but he had to go out of business because he ran out of islands to sell. Twenty or thirty prospects were clamouring for every offering. The end came in the summer of 1937 when between June and September, he sold forty little islands at prices ranging from a thousand to twenty thousand pounds. After this bargain day rush he ran an advertisement stating simply: "No Lonely Islands are Available Anymore."

The islands around Britain certainly are not tropical Edens. Many of the small ones are almost inaccessible, and others are too barren to sustain life. High winds, dense fogs, and incessant rain at some seasons make life there anything but free and easy. Nevertheless, every time an islet is offered for sale the owner is swamped with offers to buy—and at prices which seem ridiculously high.

One reason for the popularity of these retreats around Britain is the laxity of the laws regulating coastal islands. The laws vary in different areas, but the owners of many of the islands are allowed almost complete independence. During wartime restrictions were imposed upon them, but in normal times they are kings.

One of the most extraordinary of these hermit kings was a man by the name of Jones who bought the island of Brownsea off the south coast of England one hundred years ago. Eight hundred years before on this spot King Canute had tried to make the sea roll back for his royal purposes, and failed; but the new King Jones succeeded in living out his delusions of grandeur to the letter. He brought in a handful of servants and labourers and began the construction of a regal palace full of booby traps for imaginary enemies who were expected momentarily in full force. The climax of his career came when he discovered the ruins of a Roman bath. From that moment on he believed he was a Roman Emperor. He had the bath reconstructed, and spent most of his time bathing in the Roman manner, attended by his six servants.

After his death the island changed hands several times, finally ending up in the possession of Mrs. Bonham Christie who bought it in 1927 for $600,000 complete with a fifty-room mansion and a small church. She lives there alone except for John Battersea, her seventy-four year old caretaker, and so many animals she has lost count of their number. She has at least seven cats, two dogs, five cows, two horses, a docile bull, and hundreds of pigeons—in addition to innumerable wild birds, rabbits and rats. She doesn't permit anything to be killed, not even a worm, and when a garrison of soldiers was forced on her during the war she drove herself and the soldiers to the point of hysteria in her effort to keep them from stepping on insects or killing flies. They swear that she feeds the rats in her place by hand in the winter.

Only once has she voluntarily retreated from her complete isolation. In 1934 a fire swept the island, and she was forced to appeal to the town of Poole on the mainland for help. They sent an engine over and extinguished the fire, but billed her for $3,000. She was so outraged she promptly bought an engine of her own and learned how to use it.

Another lady hermit was Mrs. E. L. Turner who lived in bleak isolation on the island of Scolt Head, near Brancaster. When this island was bought by the National Trust as a wild life preserve, Mrs. Turner was given the official job of gamekeeper. She soon proved herself a true hermit. The newspapers found her irresistible, billing her as "The Loneliest Woman in England," and many visitors were attracted by the publicity. She turned as many of them away as possible, but those who succeeded in landing she immediately put to work carrying water and driftwood and doing any other odd job she could think up. Few of them ever returned. After her death hundreds of people clamoured to take her place, and the one finally chosen is still there. No one is quite sure where he came from, but it is rumoured that he was a discontented university professor who tired of civilization.

A more typical Crusoe was the nameless man who took up squatters rights on St. Margaret's Island off the Welsh coast near Denby. This little island was famous at one time for its limestone quarries, and its strange old ruins, but within historical times no one had actually lived here until this brooding, taciturn man claimed it for his own. He flew into violent rages when anyone tried to land, and although he had a small boat he did not leave the island for years at a time. He died recently, and another hermit has taken over; a friendlier man who calls himself simply "The Warden of the Wild Birds."

There are scores of little islands around Scotland. One of the oldest stories belongs to the island of Ronay which lies forty-five miles off Cape Wrath. In 1884 a professional man of Ness resolved to go into exile on Ronay for a few weeks to atone for a sin; but he liked the life there so well he refused to return. A friend came to plead with him to come home, but he, too, stayed and neither of them ever returned. A marker was found recently which shows that they were both found dead on the same day in April, 1885.

Most of the islands around Britain are not open to squatters, however. They are owned by private families, or by the National Trust, and rarely ever change hands. When they do, the price is likely to be a pretty one. When Tiree was sold recently the new owner paid the round sum of £62,000. Lismore went for £15,000, and even the tiny Calf of Man went for £4,000.

But somewhere in the world there is an island for you—if you want it. Whether it be a bare rock large enough for a hut, a goat and a garden, or a magnificent kingdom with a mansion esconced behind an eighteen hole golf course, it is probably waiting for you if you are adventurous enough to find it.

There are many spots in the Juan Fernandez group, for instance, where a fine hermitage can be made. Even the unfriendly Galapagos Islands can be made hospitable to a determined adventurer, as the Conways and other settlers can testify.

THERE are many other lonely islands scattered about the seas of the world. There are the Crozet Islands, a small uninhabited group in the South Indian Ocean; Ruatan in the Bay of Honduras, and the Salvages, lying between Madeira and the Canaries. Some of them are not particularly promising, but if you are a determined hermit you will not ask too much from your island home.

Off the coast of San Domingo, for example, lies the island of Saona. The Pilot Book has such nasty things to say about the place you would think anyone seeking a home would give it a wide berth. "The island," says the Pilot Book, "is wooded with mahogany, palm and other trees which, like the ground, are covered with creeping and climbing vines. Many poisonous plants grow on the island. Mosquitoes and gnats are very troublesome. The southern shore is generally foul and affords no anchorage. Saona is about fourteen miles long east and west, but not much over three miles at its greatest width, north and south."

Yet when a private yacht landed on Saona a few years ago a hermit was found to be living there. His hut, made of poles thatched with palm leaves, was so rickety even a small wind would have blown it down. Six chickens, a pig, and a little dog were his only companions, but he seemed to be a happy man.

So if your adventurous spirit is stirring, and nothing but an island will satisfy you, the chances are you can find one, somewhere. You can even buy a fine island from the United States, already equipped with some sturdy barracks and a mess hall ready for your descendants. The United States Surplus Property Office has recently offered Kiska for sale to the highest bidder. So far there have been no bids. Everybody seems to think the Aleutian climate is a trifle frigid for a hermitage. But somebody will buy it. Island fever will warm their blood.

END

PERSONALITY CLOTHES BY Charles Butler

A sunny dress
for Spring and Summer,
by Charles Butler.
Simple and feminine in design,
with full skirt
and concealed front fastening.

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the kindest powder in the world

JOHNSON & JOHNSON (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., SLOUGH AND GARGRAVE

New loveliness GROWS *on you day by day*

Bring the thrill back into your hair with Silvikrin. Literally day by day you can watch new loveliness grow from root to tip with never a speck of dandruff to soil your shoulders or a loose hair to clog your comb. Silvikrin does this because it contains the natural elements of hair growth, Cystine, Tyrosine, Tryptophane and other vital substances. For persistent dandruff or falling hair, Pure Silvikrin. As a daily anti-dandruff tonic and beautifier, Silvikrin Lotion.

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Pure Silvikrin and Silvikrin Lotion are sold by Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores.

003/4/T

LETTERS THAT LIVE

Robert Louis Stevenson
to his father and mother

"My dearest People, — I have had a great piece of news. There has been offered for *Treasure Island* — how much do you suppose? A hundred pounds, all alive, O! A hundred, jingling, tingling, golden, minted quid. Is not this wonderful? ... it does look as if I should support myself without trouble in the future.

"Your loving and ecstatic son,
TREESURE EILAAN"

The discrimination of a writer is reflected in the quality of his writing-paper. That is why the craftsmanship which goes to the making of Basildon Bond has for years made it the nation's leading notepaper.

Basildon Bond BRITAIN'S MOST DISTINGUISHED NOTEPAPER

In Dumpijars and Handitubes

fragrance!

DAINTINESS! COMFORT!

A toilet luxury that is a necessity for sensitive skins and well-groomed people.

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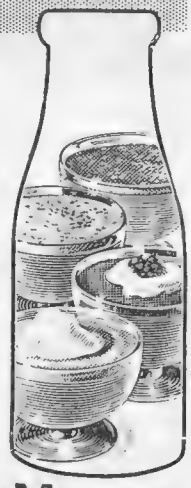
290

Do you experience difficulty in getting the children to take their milk? Then serve Little Miss Muffet Junket. It's milk in a creamy, fruit-flavoured form—delicious enough for a party and digestible enough for the most delicate stomach. Being made from liquid rennet, you get the full value of the rennet enzyme which breaks up the heavy milk curd. No boiling is required. Busy mothers will welcome Little Miss Muffet Junket. It's made in a minute, set in ten.



4 Fruit Flavours—**Raspberry Orange · Lemon · Vanilla**

Little MISS MUFFET JUNKETS

Still only 7½d. for 3 pint-size Junkets.

Sole Distributors: Lewis A. May (Little Miss Muffet) Ltd., Copthall House, London, E.C.2 (12)

Golden Words (*Continued from page* 13)

November next, General Eisenhower will let go his shot. Running around 180,000 words, with a serial version one-fourth as long, it will net the General a fortune large enough to give his family security and maintain his income at what it was while he was on the pay-roll as Chief of Staff of the U.S. Army. The buyers, bidding against competitors, hope they will emerge with a good profit. But, who knows? The General may be tremendously exciting—or portentously dull.

Your professional author would say: "Not bad, half to three-quarters of a million dollars for a few months' work!" He's lucky if he makes a thousand a year, working all the time. Only a few among the regular producers—top-sellers like Maugham, Lewis, Kelland, Bromfield, Cronin (who seems to have borrowed Charlie Chaplin's tax-saving technique of producing one work per three years), Christie—make incomes ranging from £5,000 to £20,000 (before tax).

If you write a book that sells 100,000 copies at home and overseas—the average sells nearer 5,000—you can count on around £10,000 gross from scaled royalties. After commission and taxes, you'll be lucky to have £3,000 left. Of course, if you can sell serial rights, and the movies buy the story, up soars the "take." But if you get it all in a lump you won't have so much left out of say £50,000 by the time British and American tax collectors have chiselled off their share of the big gold nugget.

That's the problem the One-Guns usually face. General Eisenhower has an ingenious get-out. Lawyers and tax-experts have devised a method whereby, selling serial, book and film rights in one packet, and publishing six months later, he escapes income and super-tax and pays only capital-gains tax, which is substantially lower.

Some One-Guns are that through no fault of their own. Lawrence of Arabia unhappily was one. He longed to be an artist, a writer. But he would not exploit his fame and he found his anonymous work monotonously rejected. He translated Homer. It wasn't good. He wrote a book based on his life in the R.A.F. It won't enhance his reputation. He had just the one *Seven Pillars* book in him, a work made possible only by the vivid personal experiences of a highly egocentric individual in a high-voltage time. It's been reckoned that if he had fully exploited all the book, serial, film, lecture and other rights he commanded, he would have died worth nearer £250,000 than the £7,000 he left. But it's a silly calculation, because if he had been a Randolph Churchill kind of man he would not have met his end riding a motor cycle at 60 m.p.h. He'd have been a man with a thick waist-line riding a luxury car—and he wouldn't have been capable of writing the *Seven Pillars* anyway.

WHEN James Joyce claimed $500,000 from an American magazine which had made unauthorized use of his *Ulysses*, cynics said that if the work had not been declared obscene in Britain and America he could not have claimed $5,000. Joyce spent seven years writing the stream-of-consciousness story of what went on in the mind and body of Leopold Bloom, a Jewish advertisement solicitor in Dublin, during twenty-four hours. He added another 25,000 words, unbroken by punctuation, telling what went through Mrs. Bloom's head after Leopold got to sleep that night.

Two women magazine editors who printed a bit of the tale in a little American magazine in 1919 were fined for publishing indecent matter and fingerprinted as criminals. Fifteen years later the book was legally admitted into the United States by decision of a judge who spent five months studying it and pronounced it "somewhat emetic," but "nowhere . . . aphrodisiac." Now you can buy it in West End book shops, if you care to cope with such language as "In the heliotropical noughttime following a fade of transformed Tuff, and, pending its viserversion, a metenergic reglow of beaming Batt, etc., etc."

It took about fifteen years for Joyce's book, Paris-published, to bring him in £12,000 in royalties. One-Guns are sometimes like that.

The orchidaceous Claire Luce has made a lot of money from plays and books, but it's a safe bet that each of three women have outdone her with a single book apiece. One is the young woman who, reading a book of Stuart memoirs her husband brought home, suddenly said: "Why, there's a helluv a story buried here," and dug it out in the shape of the female rake's progress titled *Forever Amber*. Another is the girl who found herself running a chicken farm with her husband in the American backwoods, and sat down one day, and wrote the humorous story of it: *The Egg and I*. The third is Peggy Mitchell.

Miss Mitchell was a newspaper woman in Atlanta, Georgia. Meeting a Macmillan scout seeking Southern stories, she dug out a story she had been writing, on bits and pieces of paper, for the last ten years. It was untitled, incomplete. The scout took it back to New York. After the publisher's readers had dug into it, they called her into conference; and she spent the next six months extracting the gold of her story from the mass of crude ore. A line of Dowson's she remembered gave her the title: "*I have forgot much, Cynara, gone with the wind. . . .*"

The 1,036-page book passed the half-million mark soon after publication. The movie broke all records, and is still going strong. Peggy Mitchell, now in her early forties, has collected a fortune from it. She could make another if she obliged the thousands who write and ask her to do the sequel—what happens when Rhett Butler comes back to Scarlet O'Hara—or doesn't come back? But that was the end of Peggy Mitchell's long dream of those people in that old time. She just doesn't know what happened after. And she writes no more books.

END

Say It With Stamps (*Continued from page* 16)

lakatoi or native canoe, "the strangest looking craft that ever put to sea."

Trinidad also once featured a vessel—the *Lady Macleod*—upon which the island relied in times of stress a century ago. This was the first commemorative stamp ever issued. Included in the Empire examples could also be the Zambesi Bridge stamp of 1935, for, though issued at Portuguese Mozambique, it depicts an all-British engineering triumph.

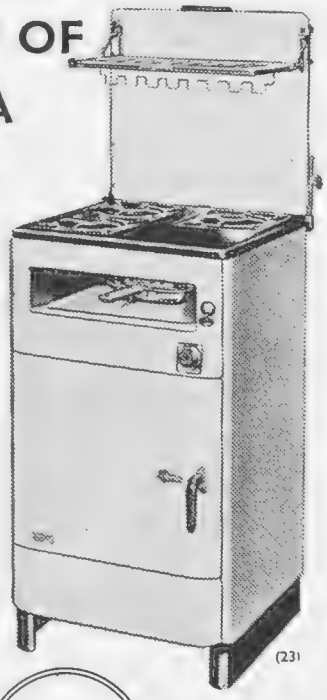
TURNING to foreign States, what far greater use has been made of special issues! Some of them have overdone it. Liechtenstein has had over 300 stamp issues inside three decades. Luxemburg issued seventy-four varieties between 1929 and 1939. San Marino keeps out of debt that way, and, along with Andorra, Monaco and Ethiopia, is going full blast again. And so are some of the smaller South American Republics. There have even been suggestions of rackets—such as withdrawal after collectors' wants have been met, and deliberate mal-perforation or printing so as to make issues rarer. Still, how gay and decorative most of them are!

Perhaps France is our best lead. France got busy in 1927 when the American Legion visited Paris. A stamp of La Fayette was produced, and in view of the tale that Pershing had saluted "La Fayette, we are here!" back in 1917, the issue went like hot cakes. This started the French on a paying line of national advertisements of special interest at a crackpot time of export or expire such as the present. Swiftly there followed Pasteur, Berthelot, Hugo, Jacques Cartier—the last reminding the world of how a Frenchman discovered Canada 400 years before. (*Continued on page* 56)

DORVILLE

String sweater from the Dorville Summer collection Obtainable at the Dorville shop at Jays, Regent Street and most fine stores.

HOW LONG IS A CUP OF TEA ?



ABOUT TWO MINUTES if you have a NEW WORLD No. 1430 Gas Cooker with its high-speed boiling burners. Lovely to look at and easy to clean, this newest model raises the famous NEW WORLD cooking standards to even higher levels. Soon available at your Gas Showrooms.

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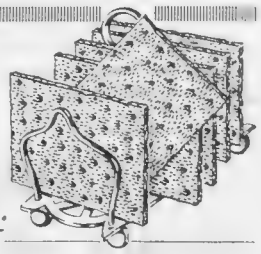
GAS COOKER

PRODUCT OF Radiation Ltd

NEW WORLD *Cookers have the* REGULO, *as fitted* ONLY *to* RADIATION *appliances*

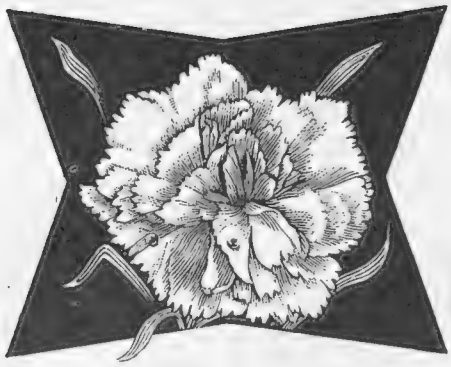
By Appointment Peek, Frean & Company Ltd. *Biscuit & Vita-Weat Crispbread Manufacturers*

Vita-Weat is good to eat • So crisp and nice to crunch • Wheat in its most delicious form • Try it to-day, with lunch!



Points reduced to 2 per lb.

PEEK FREAN · MAKERS OF FAMOUS BISCUITS



For Morning Freshness

Euthymol
TOOTHPASTE

FROM ALL CHEMISTS

It's only natural..

. . . for the little chap to want to copy Daddy—busy in the garden—planting, watching things grow—always happily occupied, he's seldom bored or fretful. But should some minor upset put him out of sorts, then Mother naturally turns to 'California Syrup of Figs' to restore regularity, bright eyes and sunny nature. This kindly, pleasant laxative contains the juice of ripe figs with an extract of senna. Purely vegetable and naturally nice.

'California Syrup of Figs'

Say It With Stamps

Here is Belgium telling the world of Rubens on the occasion of the 1930 twin Exhibitions of Antwerp and Liége. A fine effect in green of a right handsome fellow who trimmed his beard and chose his hat with equal care. The Dutch followed suit with Rembrandt. Just before a scowling Fuehrer monopolized their stamps, the Germans were on the same tack with an Albrecht Duerer issue. The Danes reaped national prestige in 1935 with a Hans Andersen issue commemorating the centenary of the first of the Fairy Tales. Some of the stamps showed characters like the Ugly Duckling.

Mussolini sanctioned a St. Francis of Assisi stamp, and also of St. Benedict of Monte Cassino. That was while the Duce was currying favour with Pope Pius XI prior to the Lateran Treaty of 1929. Musso. was alert to the use of special issues. He collected some of his Fascist funds with a stamp marked "Dante Alighieri Society."

Norway also produced a saint—the rather murderous Olaf, and Portuguese India varied St. Francis Xavier with Vasco da Gama. Lisbon did Henry the Navigator, Panama reminded the world that Balbao discovered the Pacific, and Peru told how Pizarro founded Lima. Recommended are Peruvian special issues, showing scenes ancient and contemporary.

In 1930 Spain went nap on Columbus, who has been severely criticized by contemporary Italians (C. was born at Genoa) for discovering America (or perhaps for not keeping quiet about it, as Wilde suggested). To-day, Spain earns revenue by surcharging afresh the rare Franco-Canary issue of 1936. What we do fail to pick up, one way or the other! Here is Brazil reminding us that Santos Dumont was the first man to fly round the Eiffel Tower in an airship, and the first, too, to fly an aeroplane in Europe. Even as the Americans printed a Lindberg stamp. Why didn't we make a special Alcock issue? There was a clear case of the value of a commemorative stamp: to this day most of the world imagines an American was the first to fly the Atlantic.

We can well steer a course between the too frequent and the freak issues. And guard against forgery with the Cheavin X-ray detector. Though we must be on our guard against philatelic *faux-pas*, as well, for think what once befell poor little Nicaragua! Just when the United States thought of cutting the Canal through Nicaragua, Nicaragua issued a stamp showing a volcano in full belch right above the spot the Yankees had chosen! They switched to Panama.

Before I wind up, several stamps at my elbow provoke reflection. I don't know if Masaryk, creator of Czechoslovakia, is still on that disputed land's stamps, as long he was. Pilsudski and Paderewski have certainly vanished from Poland's issues, and this leads on to a debatable matter. Whether any head other than a royal one should ever grace a special British issue, "B.-P." still holding his dubious record. How a Churchill stamp would have sold the world over! Or a Monty one, for that matter. Both Russia and the United States circulate their heroes on stamps.

The United States earn $15,000,000 a year by new issues, frequently commemorative. The last one I saw was of my one-time "proprietor," Joseph Pulitzer, co-founder of Ye Yellow Press, though whether the other half, Hearst, will be similarly honoured after his demise, is problematical. As for the Soviet, it's a case of totalitarian philately. The State is in the business in a big way. There's a law against swapping, and foreigners may buy only from the Soviet Philatelic Association.

In the meantime the Post Office should throw open design to public competition, thereby encouraging young engravers and letting air into musty surroundings.

Just think of the chances we miss! Of course, there are the castles and cathedrals, and the show places. But why no stamp to mark the sailing of the Queen Elizabeth? Why none ("London Calling") to commemorate the B.B.C. silver jubilee? Why none for a miner like Stakhanovite Greenslade of Wales? For Shaw's 90th birthday, as "the greatest man in the world," like so many foreigners deem him to be? Why no stamp showing Mulberry, or a Battle of Britain Spitfire, or the Handing over of India, or Wimbledon, or Arsenal, or Denis Compton, or a Land Girl, or a W.R.A.C., or Jeremy Bentham, and Shelley and Shakespeare, Newton and Harvey, and old Uncle Darwin an' all?

END

Gold For My Giraffe (*Continued from page* 28)

Lanny studied him coolly. "We have a mutual acquaintance, I believe. Jeremy King."

Questions formed on Mallender's tongue, but he pushed them back, tried to do the same to the apprehensive look on his face. "Come in," he said ungraciously. Put a look on his face to say Lanny had two minutes to explain himself, before he got thrown out.

Lanny studied the room a little enviously. Nice, he thought. Just right for a fellow with a little money. Cool looking curtains at the big bay window. A nice bed and wardrobe. A comfortable armchair by a low table holding a dimpled Haig and glasses. One corner curtained off by a velvet drape.

"Mr. King's lost his giraffe," Lanny began. "He thinks you've taken it. If you return it, you might be saved a lot of trouble."

"What trouble?" Mallender's hands balled into fists.

"Police trouble, perhaps. And you'd better tuck in that chin before you fall over it."

Mallender scowled, but didn't offer to back up his threatening look. "You can tell King to take a running jump at himself. I haven't got his giraffe. Who are you, anyway?"

"Just a detective, in an amateurish sort of way. Nothing for you to worry about—unless you've got something on your mind."

Mallender jerked open the door. Said through clenched teeth, "Beat it!"

Lanny made no move. "Look," he said, "this tough stuff is all very nice, but you don't look much like Alan Ladd. I think you've got the giraffe, or know where it is. Why not make a deal with King?"

"If you don't get out, I'll throw you out!"

Mallender came across like a lion. Laid a big hand on Lanny's arm. Then started back, his face the colour of a polished pearl, staring at the right arm that hung by his side like a useless stick.

Lanny lowered his hand. "Tsk! tsk! I don't know my own strength. Afternoon, Mr. Mallender."

IT was growing dusk when Lanny's tiresome watch of Brompton Mansions was rewarded. The familiar green coupé drew up with a smart flourish. A girl got out. Even across the street, Lanny could not fail to recognize that haughty walk.

Mrs. King disappeared into the apartment house, was gone for about a minute before she came out again, with Mallender.

He got in behind the wheel, waited for Mrs. King to get settled, then started off.

Lanny didn't want to hurry things. He decided to take a walk round the block, to let dark take a proper hold of the neighbourhood.

When he finished his stroll, he walked boldly into Brompton Mansions, and up the stairs to the first floor. Tried a trick he'd heard of for getting into locked apartments, and was only mildly surprised when it worked. Mallender's door swung inwards, and Lanny went in with it.

Familiar with the room, he began his search with methodical haste. Went through every piece of furniture in the room, and discovered nothing.

Took down a suitcase from the top of the wardrobe, laid it on the bed, flipped back the lid. Tried to stifle a gasp of satisfaction as he saw a wooden giraffe in two parts. A hacksaw blade lay alongside.

The giraffe was hollow, and empty.

"Whatever was in it, Mallender's got it," Lanny thought. He (*Continued on page* 58)

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tossed the case back on to the wardrobe, then, on impulse, went to the window. Looked behind the blind. Laughed softly. Reached up a hand for the sheet of bank paper that was stuck to the back of the blind by two pieces of gummed strip.

The paper held a typewritten list of stocks held in American companies. A nice little fortune. Lanny had a moment of regretful detachment. If he'd held stuff like this, he could have been out playing golf again, instead of snooping around, trying to be a detective.

He was still pondering the list when he heard the slightest of breaths behind him. He tried to duck, but the brutal blow took him full force on the back of the head.

He had a sickening instant's pain, a sense of being catapulted violently through space. Then an intolerable, suffocating blackness.

Next thing he knew, there was a pendulum locked in his head. Every time he tried to get up, it seemed to catch him neatly off-balance, and pitch him back into a morass of pain.

He tried it a few times, finally quit trying, let himself just lie there, getting used to the pounding ache, and the way his legs sprawled in front of him like formless jelly.

Clasped in his right hand was something hard, and he dropped it as if it had burned him. A small automatic pistol—and he knew without investigating further, that it had been fired.

Hardly realizing how he did it, he was on his feet, holding on to a table while the room rocked round him. He wiped his right hand distastefully on his jacket. Touched the focus of pain on the back of his head, and tried to crush his moan of pain.

He was still in Mallender's place. The light was on, and Lanny could see everything very clearly. He would go on seeing it till he died.

Mallender was lying in front of him, flat on his back. He didn't look debonair any more. There was a blackened hole in the middle of his forehead, and his eyes bulged horribly. In one hand, grasped with incredible tightness, was a poker. In the other, nothing.

He got a grip on himself, forced his gaze further. Knew what he was going to see, yet it was still a shock.

Mrs. King was sitting in an armchair, her dress rucked up round her pretty thighs. If she had been naked, Lanny would have seen nothing but the horribly transfixed look that sat on her face like a fantastic mask. She had been shot through the head.

Something felt bulky in his inside pocket. He fished it out, stared unbelievingly at a wad of pound notes.

Lanny swore under his breath. While he had been taking his cautious little stroll round the block, somebody had come in here before him. He had been surprised by Lanny's entrance a few minutes later, and had hidden, waiting for him to go.

Without apparent volition, Lanny's gaze was drawn to the corner where a velvet drape swung from a bamboo rod.

Lanny jerked the curtain aside, found the alcove held a row of chromium hooks on the wall, as if the corner had once functioned as a simple wardrobe. Stooping, Lanny saw something on the varnished floorboards that drew a soft breath from him.

He was still puzzling over it when hurried feet beat a quick menace along the passage. Voices merged in an excited blur. A key grated in the lock, and three men walked in.

A policeman, big and solid, his blue coat like a symbol of all the prisons in the land. At his shoulder, Mr. King, epitome of elegance, even to the tight-rolled umbrella he jabbed into the floor.

The policeman said to the porter hovering behind King. "Ring headquarters. Tell them it's murder."

A rock-jawed detective sergeant arrived, and took charge. The policeman told him about King rushing to him in the street, with a tale of hearing gunshots in the apartment. About getting the janitor to open up, and finding Lanny there, with the bodies, the gun on the table, the poker in Mallender's hand.

"He's a private detective I hired to follow

my wife around," King explained, his cold voice dissociating him from anything Lanny had done.

"I suspected Mallender of getting considerable sums of money from my wife. I told this man, Blane, as much. Said I wanted it stopped, without publicity."

He pointed his umbrella at the bodies. "What happened is plain enough. Blane broke in here, hoping to find some of this money. Mallender came back unexpectedly with my wife. Blane lost his head. Tried to shoot his way out. Mallender managed to hit him with the poker before he was shot."

The detective sergeant said wearily. "My name's Strong. Detective Sergeant. Do you want to make a statement—knowing that anything you say may be used against you?"

Lanny stared at King. Met a fleeting glitter of triumph, then a stony gaze that tried to beat his down.

"This is going to be nice, Sergeant," Lanny declared. "It's going to be one for your memoirs all right. It's going to be one you can sell to the *True Detective* magazines, the way I'll tell it."

"Go on, Blane. How would you tell it?"

"King hired me, as he says. To get the goods on his wife with Mallender. And to recover a wooden giraffe that was stolen from him to-day."

Lanny jerked down the suitcase from the wardrobe. Threw back the lid, rolled the two halves of the wooden giraffe on to the table.

"The reason King was so anxious to get it back," Lanny exclaimed, "was because something was hidden in the secret compartment. A list of stocks in American companies. Stocks he had no business to own. He ought to have turned them over to the Government at the beginning of the war. But he didn't. He kept them—and he's been too scared since to apply for his dividends, for fear of revealing he'd broken the law.

"His wife knew about it. She told Mallender. And he stole the giraffe, and got the list of shares King still held illegally. With the idea, probably, of blackmail."

"What are you getting at?" Strong asked. "You want me to believe Mr. King killed his wife and Mallender, to stop the blackmail?"

"Yes. I found the list of stocks, was reading it when somebody knocked me out. When I came to, the bodies were here just as you see them. And this money in my pocket to make it look as if I'd stolen it. All framed, Sergeant. King could have got a key to this place from his wife, and got in before I arrived. He knocked me out when I found what he was looking for."

"Utterly ridiculous!" King jammed his umbrella into the floor, and leaned on it.

Lanny sneered at him. "How could I have shot Mallender between the eyes, Sergeant, and have him knock me cold with a blow on the back of my head?" He gestured. "King did it all, then pushed the gun into my hand before rushing out for a policeman. He'd waited in for Mallender to return, and shot the two of them without giving them a chance."

"Till I came in with the policeman, I was never in this place in my life!" King declared coldly.

For the first time, Sergeant Strong grew puzzled at the way Lanny was staring at the curtain that covered the alcove.

"Look in that corner, Sergeant," Lanny said coolly. "I'll bet if you stick King's umbrella into the marks on the floor there, you'll find the ferrule fits like a glove. That's where he hid when I came in. And he stuck his umbrella so hard into the floor, it made marks—just like it's doing now!"

King's eyes grew like bin-lids. Something came from his mouth. Words, execrations, threats. He was halfway to the door before the sergeant's casually thrust out foot tripped him.

"Looks like you found the right answers, Blane," Sergeant Strong declared. "Stick around till I get a statement off this monkey."

"As long as you like, Sergeant. And while you're at it, why not send for some Johnnie Walker? It'll go on my expense account?"

END

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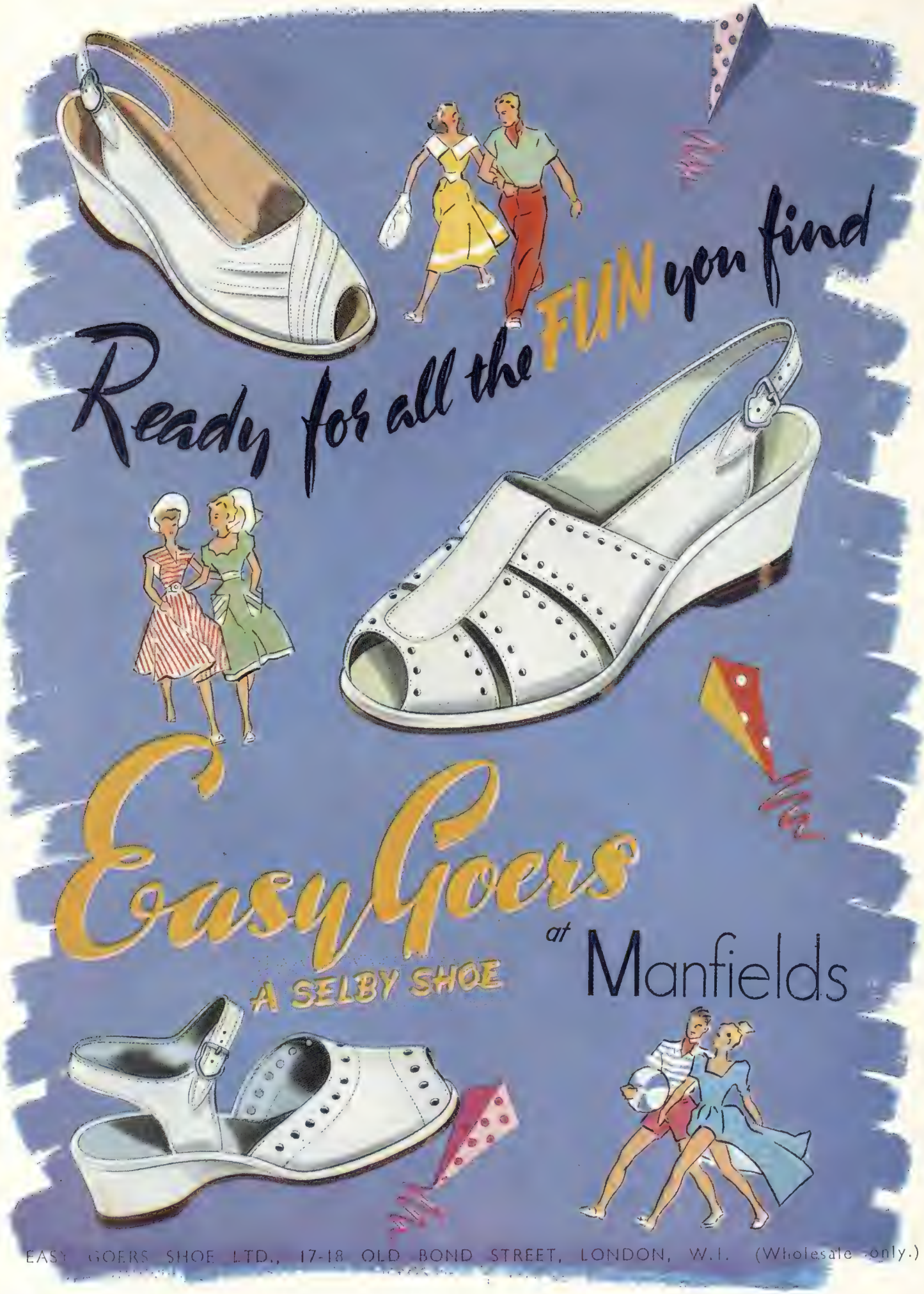
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Spring Cruise (*Continued from page* 19)

Sub., who wished the ruddy something-or-other that he'd go away.

"Always the lady," sympathized Pepi, "when one is young always the lady. Make it very bad for gentlemans. But there you are! Oh yes, Pepi know. As good whales in the sea lie for gentleman's catching."

"Oh, go to Hell," said the Sub., who was in no mood for sympathy.

He enlisted the good offices of Fleabite, who, instead of playing hockey in the dockyard was missioned to go up to the hotel to tea, and in consequence suffered Enrico also. He said that Flora seemed keen on Enrico. She had always preferred dark men, and his aunt insisted that Enrico had such delightful manners, which was more than she could say of some Englishmen.

"I think she meant me," apologized Fleabite.

Number One said, "Let him dam' well take her to the bull fight. He'll get his ticket through it. That sort of chap always goes too far."

"Yes, but it'll be a bit hard on her. She won't like it," said the Sub., thoughtful on Flora's behalf.

"I daresay, but if she chooses to learn the hard way, then let her learn by it." For Number One had married an admiral's daughter, who had also been to Girton, and the combination had done its worst by Number One.

The Sub. procured a ticket for himself for the fight through the good offices of Pepi. Pepi had pulling power with the bull fight, and could do far more with it than the Sub., whom he had thought to be so senior an officer, could do in H.M.S. *Terrific*. Pepi's connection was with the horses, he said. He rounded up the old decrepits, and stabled them just behind the ring.

"How very revolting!" said the popsy-minded Sub.

He had the identical seat he had wanted next door to the "so good first-class seat" where Flora and Enrico would undoubtedly sit, and divided from them only by a saw-dusted alley that led down to the stables. But the Sub. was forlorn.

"You are indeed in lucks," said Pepi, gratified to be of such immense service, "also I am by hand, if you require."

The Sub. disapproved of bull fighting. He disapproved even more of Enrico, who arrived in a too well-cut shantung coat, with more hair oil on his black hair than one would have believed to be possible, and accompanied by Flora, looking sweet in pink muslin. Leastways the Sub. supposed that it was pink muslin. At the end of the dividing alleyway, he could see Pepi standing by the shabby yard where the poor old horses were kept to be dressed in dusty red velvet and tawdry finery and ultimately shovelled into the ring, to their deaths. Well, all I can say is I hope she likes it, said the Sub., somewhat vaguely to himself.

Flora obviously delighted in the pomp of the march past. The martial music, the matador in knee breeches, a trifle over plump and more than a trifle pleased with himself. She sat there glowing beside her escort, who was of course delighted with the proceedings. She clapped even more vociferously at the moment when the bull dashed into the ring, arriving at the gallop from the darkness, then stopping dead, bewildered by the sun and the roars of applause. The Sub. looked sombrely over his folded arms. This is about where her fun ends, said he to himself, a trifle bitterly. He could have slain Enrico willingly, but Enrico was oblivious to all that. He had a lot of money on the fight, and bent forward eagerly interested.

A lot of strutting little men in ornate but fusty knickers, strutted about the ring, and the bull, a bravely furious animal, darted to and fro churning up the sand as he went. Just at first the dexterous movements of the men were interesting, then the first one drew blood. Under his sandy eyebrows the popsy-minded Sub. took a furtive glance at Flora. He thought that she paled a little, but Enrico was clapping his perfumed hands—there was a lot of white rose about to-day—and crying "*Brava, Brava,*" at the top of his voice.

The bull had stopped his first rush. He did not understand pain. He turned, and stampeded across the ring, to receive a *banderilla* in the shoulder.

"Oh, make them stop it," the popsy-minded Sub. heard Flora appeal to Enrico. But Enrico wasn't making anybody stop it. He had too much money on it. Her imploring eyes looked past Enrico and met the Sub's. He jerked up a couple of thumbs, then he blundered down the alleyway. He had planned exactly what he intended to do, and it would send all Enrico's money down the drain and give him personally one big hell of a kick! For the moment was approaching when those poor tatty old horses were due. That would be the end. Pepi was sitting outside the stable yard on an upturned bucket, and picking his teeth with an enormous safety pin.

"Hullo, saire? Very good, Señor? That was fun, ha?" he inquired.

Besides him on the ground, in vigorous contrast to the evil-smelling yard and the half-dead horses, lay a bunch of dark red roses. The Sub. indicated them.

"How much?" he asked. Everything has a price in Spain.

"I give them you, saire. From me. In esteem," protested Pepi gallantly, and handing them with one hand, he presented a brazenly open palm with the other. The Sub. handed him five shillings. The old trout in Lowndes Square had done him well.

"Take them to the Señorita for me," he said, "with this card."

On the back of the card he had written: Say you're sick. I'm waiting at side door. Pepi looked at it dubiously. The five shillings was tempting of course.

"But the horses, Señor? It is almost time?"

"I'll see after the horses. You can trust me."

"It is importance, saire. Be careful, Señor."

"It's okay by me," said the Sub., feeling a good deal more light-hearted than he had done since he got to Gib.

Pepi, red roses and card in hand, went off to the arena, where the bull was beginning to look a very nasty sight. Pepi smiled encouragingly to himself, for no Spaniard is averse to a touch of romance, and a few red roses give it no end of a fillip! He handed the bouquet to Flora who had gone very pale, and had arrived at that stage when you find yourself swallowing hard and continuously.

The moment Pepi had gone, the Sub. opened the door of the stable yard, and five decrepit horses lurched towards him on stiff legs. "Come on you! 'Op it!" said the Sub., and he caught one of them a resounding thwack on the rump. It surprised the horse considerably. He was used to all manner of Gibraltarian minor cruelties with a nail at the end of a whip, but he did not understand the good old British flat of the hand.

He lumbered out into the sunshine, the others after him, out into the street beyond and through the street with the pink granite seats, and the palm trees that give no shade whatsoever. The slap on the rump had set them all a-jitter, and now they stampeded off into the open country beyond. They were reprieved.

And, said the Sub. to himself: That'll about put the kibosh on their grand finale with the matadors!

Those inside the arena had not heard the stampede for at that moment another *banderilla* had got the bull, and someone had flung down a rose wreath which had suspended itself on one horn in oh, so ludicrous a fashion! Flora was swallowing harder than ever.

"I-I'm going to be sick," she said and pushed past Enrico out of the ring. He was so busy contemplating avidly the arrival of the horses, that he hardly even noticed.

Outside the La Linea bull ring was a motley selection of ancient motor cars—tourist type—and lolling in them dark-skinned drivers.

"To the cork (*Continued on page* 62)

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woods," said the popsy-minded Sub. and bundled Flora in.

It was at that identical moment that the pandemonium broke inside. Pepi, returning from a romantic mission, saw that he had been betrayed. The stable yard door was open and the steeds gone. The upturned bucket had been kicked into kingdom come!

"*Madre de Dios*," gasped the unfortunate Pepi, clasping his head with his hands, "now what do I ask?"

In the cork woods the popsy-minded Sub. was making the most of his moment. "You see, that sort of fellow doesn't understand. It's the dago instinct."

"Yes, but I'd no idea it would be so awful. He was such a very nice bull, he did play clean and they didn't."

"Well, he'll be all right now. He's done what few fighting bulls do, he's got away. Now don't let's talk about him," said the Sub.

For there were other things to talk of, of course. And cuckoos do sing in the cork woods in March, and it is a very good background for a proposal of marriage. Later that evening she dined on board with him. Number One had lent his cabin. It was very good of Number One, but as he had said to a fellow officer, "Poor chap, I thought he needed a bit of fun. He's had a bad time here, and if he's to have that acid old admiral for an uncle he may have a worse time ahead. Let him have a bit of a kick whilst he can."

A lone *carrozzi* waited at Ragged Staff steps.

Pepi crouched on the box. It had been the most undesirable bull fight he had ever attended. He doubted if he would ever be in charge of the horses again. He thought with some disgust of the popsy-minded Sub. and the English as a whole.

"What you call the sportsman spirit," said Pepi to himself, and he spat disdainfully into the dust.

Which goes all to show that there can be several angles on a day. You never know!

END

Spring Cruise

Across The World's Roof

(*Continued from page* 20)

jets of orange flame, then changed to blue, mauve, yellow, and finally disappeared in an aura of pale orange. By now the convoy had passed from the sight of man, and was cruising comfortably at eighteen knots southwards towards the Barents Sea.

BY the week-end a second story awaited the man-with-the-blue-pencil: "The convoy is known to be equipped with hydraulic bumpers, capable of stopping each vessel within a distance of five feet from an iceberg without shock or heavy impact. Another remarkable feature are the retractable heat-drills fitted to each ship, and capable of melting a passage through submerged ice up to eighteen feet in thickness. These cylindrical drills will serve a second, more vital purpose: containing inlet and outlet valves, one valve will allow a *continuous* current of fresh air to be drawn down to the crew, while the second valve will dispel used and poisonous fumes."

This was just a shade too much to expect any learned censor to release. The blue pencil fell with a clatter to the desk; the man-with-a-prize-headache read on: "It is known that German Navy experts would go to extreme lengths to solve this problem of ventilation." The censor groaned. "And it is claimed by American Navy chiefs that this particular convoy, which is yet in an experimental stage, has a submerged cruising range of forty-two days. Construction costs of these craft are no more than those of modern surface ships with equal carrying capacity."

The censor gave it up . . . and, in New York, the story gained currency, with suitable garnishings. Somebody said: "Zubov and Tarasov—those Soviet Arctic explorers, remember?—suggested the same thing years ago." Somebody else said: "And this is 1942 . . . the year chosen by Stalin himself to develop the Soviet Arctic seaboard." A third hinted: "It was always the aim of the Kremlin to link Western Russia with the United States *under the North Pole*. Why, only last month Stalin claimed that it was a '*master-plan which would be of tremendous strategic value in the future*'!"

SIX years have slipped past uneasily; and U.S. military planners accept the theory to-day that, in any new world war—which, they assume, if it comes at all, will be a war against Russia—the decisive strategic areas will be in the Arctic, or Antarctic, or both. U.S. Army Air Force chief Carl Spaatz makes it crystal-clear: "Through the Arctic, every industrialized country is within reach of our bombers. But America is similarly exposed. *We are wide open across the world's roof!*"

And the Soviet? Six years ago Stalin pondered over confidential reports reaching him from Arctic explorers, and said: "Trans-Arctic under-ice sea travel is a practical theory. In time Western Russia will be linked with Siberia beneath the Ice Barrier, and with the United States by way of the North Pole. It will mean two routes of vital importance to future Soviet aims and plans." To-day, Russia is ahead of America in Arctic knowledge and research in meteorological science.

But, as far back as 1932, America's Arctic plans which laid emphasis on specially constructed cargo- and troop-carrying submarines, were outlined by Vilhjalmur Stefansson, who was then adviser on northern operations to Pan-American Airways. For six years Stefansson devoted himself to fact-finding operations in barren Arctic regions, thought by U.S. service chiefs to become "extremely important in the future." Based upon Stefansson's reports, and those of Australian-born submarine expert Sir Hubert Wilkins, navy and air chiefs carried out series of tests, using models of troop-carrying submarines, prototype of which was constructed of reinforced steel, seven-eighths-inch thick, capable of making the ships uncrushable by Arctic underwater icebergs.

Right now, somewhere below the Arctic Ocean, the new British submarine *Ambush*, with a handpicked crew of sixty-one, is carrying out endurance tests. And in those bleak regions, U.S. Navy icebreakers are testing special equipment for Arctic use. The project is largely secret . . . but so, too, were those "retractable heat-drills" which caused the censors so much worry six years ago, and which, elaborated, are known by the Royal Navy as "Snort," the British adaptation of the German Navy's "Schnorkel."

A grim tailpiece to this strange but true story: In utter despair, censors allowed a mere trickle of knowledge to leak out in 1942 America—but only on condition that any such published reports were prefaced with the words: "This is fantasy."

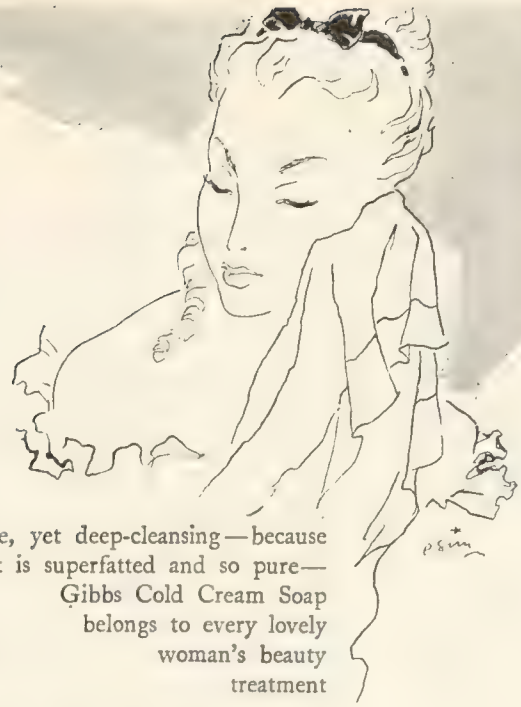
END

Books

(*Continued from page* 41)

convict ships, Australia's penal settlement—but its heroine, Carolan, is made of more mortal stuff. "I yearn to be a saint like Mrs. Fry, and I am only a murderess," she says at the end. "I was not strong enough. Events have made me what I am. . . . We are weak people, all of us." Her weakness was in resolving to be mistress of the prosperous Masterman house in Sydney at all costs, even that of crime. This, too, is a story of period adventure, packed with incident and drama—530 pages of it.

MISS URSULA BLOOM is best at the simple, unsophisticated story in small, domestic compass. Her **"Three Sisters"** (MacDonald, 8s. 6d.) are the daughters of a solicitor in a Sussex (*Continued on page* 64)



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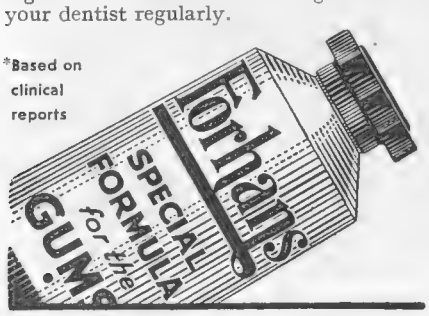

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town, and nothing very dramatic happens to them until Isabel, the eldest—married to a clergyman—has to rescue the lovely one, Lilian, from a bucket-shop bounder who nearly brings off a marriage by calling her "Lily-bud!" The rebel of the trio is Joyce, who goes in for painting and a lover. Many women will like the book for its family intimacies and small-town social humours in the "No Lady" vein.

FOR the theme of **"The Living Wood"** (Gollancz, 9s. 6d.) Mr. Louis de Wohl has followed his stars back to the Roman occupation of Britain and written a vivid historical tale abounding in exclamations like "By Styx," "By the cold nose of Cerberus," and "Blast that cat-livered, yellow-bellied son of a one-eyed mule-driver," varied by modern jargon of the "who the hell are you?" type. Which means that he narrates with drive and vigour, marshalling a host of picturesque characters from Emperors, Tribunes and legionaries to Helena, Britain's first saint, who claimed to have found Christ's Cross.

THERE is a wide range of thrillers this month. John Creasey's **"Sons of Satan"** (Long, 10s. 6d.), concerning a secret box on a voyage from South America to England. Pelham Grooms's **"The Fourth Seal"** (Jarrolds, 9s. 6d.), is a Peter Mohune story with an atomic theme. Robert Strevens's **"Murder in Manuscript"** (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.), turns on the shooting of an author, with clues in his last script. In **"A Pinch of Poison,"** by Frances and Richard Lockridge (Hutchinson, 8s. 6d.), Mrs. North, a woman sleuth popular in U.S.A., finds clues the police miss. Kathleen Moore Knight's **"The Poor Man's Shilling"** is another U.S. story featuring a woman, ex-schoolteacher; a museum skeleton collection is background to mystery in Ruth Sawtell Wallis's **"Too Many Bones"** (Hammond, 8s. 6d. each). Christopher Bush's **"The Case of the Haven Hotel"** shows Ludovic Travers at grips with a holiday resort murder; Herbert Adam's **"Crime Wave at Little Cornford"** has for victim a rich woman poisoned at a village fête; Lorna Nicholl Morgan's **"Another Little Murder"** takes to a house of mystery a girl who gets snowbound on the Yorkshire moors and accepts a lift from a stranger (MacDonald, 8s. 6d. each).

TWO additions to the *Vision of England* series (Elek, 9s. 6d.) are Mr. Reginald Turnor's **"Sussex,"** with drawings by Michael Rothenstein, Miss Peggy Pollard's

"Cornwall," with drawings—some in wilful modern perspective—by Sven Berlin. Both have literary charm and first-rate photographs.

HERE is a list of books which will repay the attention of readers:

FICTION

Jeanne Gosse lays the scene of her new book, **"Paris Interlude"** (Centenary Press, 8s. 6d.) in the very heart of Paris. The tiny flat in the old Square Sainte-Clotilde where most of the action takes place, presents a section of the Paris microcosm which few authors can describe with more charm and sympathy.

Anne Duffield has brought something new to the familiar theme of the G.I. bride in her latest novel **"Song of the Mocking Bird"** (Cassell, 9s. 6d.). This story will be enjoyed by those who like a romance to have a touch of mystery and a dramatic climax.

"Miss Bendix," by Naomi Royde Smith (Hollis and Carter, 6s.); **"Sleeping Dogs Laugh,"** by H. C. Danby (Jarrolds, 10s. 6d.); **"Mrs. Dale of Peking,"** by Margaret Mackay (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"Fishy, Said the Admiral,"** by Elizabeth Cadell (Robert Hale, 8s. 6d.); **"Lost Heritage,"** by Isabel C. Clarke (Hutchinson, 10s. 6d.); **"She Shall Have Music,"** by Raya Keen (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Call It Life,"** by George Sava (Macdonald, 9s. 6d.); **"The Adventures of P. Moran, Operative,"** by Percival Wilde (Gollancz, 8s. 6d.); **"Cuckoo,"** by Rachel Swete MacNamara (Hurst & Blackett, 10s. 6d.); **"Landscape Under Snow,"** by Nora Kent (Macdonald, 8s. 6d.); **"The Lover's Tale,"** by George Woden (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

In these days of shortages in household furnishings as well as clothing, any publication as comprehensive as **"The Complete Book of Sewing"** (Museum Press, 15s.) will be hailed with delight and relief by thousands of women. It is an easy-to-follow, profusely illustrated guide to all home sewing problems from mending a tear to tailoring a jacket.

"Maurice Baring," a postscript by Laura Lovat with some letters and verse (Hollis & Carter, 10s. 6d.).

"British Music," an encyclopaedia compiled by Russell Palmer (Skelton Robinson, 18s.); **"Hansons of Eastcheap,"** the story of the house of Samuel Hanson & Son, Ltd., by George Godwin; **"Can I Hold My Beauty,"** by Veronica Dengel (Westhouse, 8s. 6d.).

Fish With A Difference

(*Continued from page* 46)

Stuffing for Sole. Ingredients: 3 tablespoonsful breadcrumbs; 1 dessertspoonful chopped parsley; 1 tablespoonful suet or melted fat; seasoning; a few chopped cooked mushrooms or tomatoes; juice of ½ lemon if available.

Mix all together and moisten with enough milk to form into very stiff mixture.

Now roll fillets up and tie with string, place on greased fireproof dish and cover with greased paper. Bake in moderate oven about 10 minutes. Carefully remove, cut string and roll in breadcrumbs. Serve on bed of anchovy sauce with pat of Maître d'Hôtel butter on top of each.

MAÎTRE D'HÔTEL BUTTER

Ingredients: 2 oz. margarine; dessertspoonful chopped parsley; salt and pepper; lemon juice.

Cream margarine and parsley, add seasoning and lemon juice, form into pats.

FISH KROMESKIES

Ingredients: About ¼ pint flaked cooked fish; ¼ pint milk; 1 oz. margarine; 1 oz. flour; ½ pint frying batter; some very thin strips of bacon.

Melt margarine in a pan, add flour, then gradually the milk. Stir till boiling. Cook about 2 minutes and add fish, well seasoned.

Spread out on a plate to cool, then put a teaspoonful of mixture on the end of each strip of bacon. Roll up. Dip rolls in batter and drop into smoking-hot fat in frying-pan. Cook till golden brown, garnish with parsley or lemons. This is a useful recipe for everyday occasions.

FISH CASSEROLE WITH CAULIFLOWER

Ingredients: Any left-over fish; cauliflower cooked; ½ pint thick cheese sauce; breadcrumbs; seasoning.

Arrange alternate layers of fish and cauliflower in fireproof dish. Cover with sauce. Sprinkle grated cheese and 2 rashers finely-chopped bacon on top. Cover with crumbs or dots of margarine and heat through in oven until top is golden brown.

Cod or other fish cutlets are much improved served with little rolls of bacon and a well-flavoured sauce such as parsley or onion.

END

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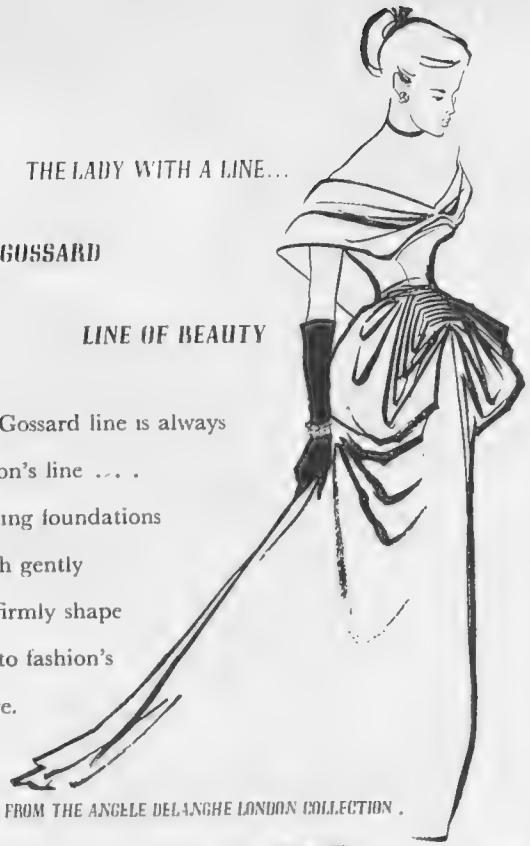

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KNITTING WOOLS

GEORGE LEE & SONS LTD., WAKEFIELD

Twin Set

(*Continued from page* 36)

FRONT BAND

With No. 12 needles cast on 12 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1. Rib 2 rows. Make buttonhole. Rib 4 sts., cast off 4 ; rib 4 sts. **Next row.**—Rib 4 sts., cast on 4 ; rib 4 sts. Continue in ribbing, making buttonholes 2½ ins. apart., making the last buttonhole to come at the beg. of the dec. of front edge. Continue on ribbing to go up the right side of neck, round the back of neck, down left front (stretching slightly).

THE JUMPER.

MATERIALS: 6 ozs. of Copley's 3-ply "Excelsior" Fingering; 1 oz. of Copley's 3-ply. "Excelsior" Fingering in contrast colour; one pair each of No. 10 and No. 12 needles; 3 buttons; one No. 12 crochet hook.

MEASUREMENTS: From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 20 ins.; across the back and front, underarms, 17 ins.; underarm of sleeve seams, 5 ins.

THE JUMPER
For Main Pattern see page 36

With No. 12 needles cast on 100 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 3 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and main patt. Work for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end on the next and every 6th row following until 120 sts. and work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 3 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows. K. 2 tog. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain (ending on the 4th row of patt.). Change to contrast colour wool with a k. row. Work in the following patt. :

1st row.—K. (wrong side of work).

2nd row.—K.

3rd row.—* K. 2 tog., m. 1 ; rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2.

4th and 6th rows.—P.

5th row.—K. 2, * m. 1, k. 2 tog. ; rep. from * to end.

Rep. 3rd to 6th rows 4 times. Then 3rd to 5th rows once.

Next row.—K.

Next row.—K. Change to main colour wool with a k. row. Continue in main patt. until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 40 sts., cast off 10 sts., work 40 sts. Work on the last set of 40 sts. for 2 ins., at the same time dec. 2 sts. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the first set of 40 sts. Join wool at the neck edge and work to correspond with last set of 40 sts.

BACK

Work all in main patt.

Work as for the front until after the armhole shaping. Continue for 1½ ins. Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 45 sts. (place the remaining 45 sts. on a spare needle). Work on the first 45 sts. until armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 8 sts. at the beg. of the neck edge row. Work 1 in., at the same time dec. 1 st. at the beg. of every neck edge row until 30 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 10 sts. at the beg. of the next 3 armhole end rows. Return to the 45 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the centre edge, work the 45 sts. to correspond with the last set of 45 sts.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 80 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles.

Next row.—Rib 6, * inc. 1 st., rib 6 ; rep. from * to the last 5 sts. Rib 5. Change to contrast colour with a k. row. Work in the open patt. as for the front of pullover. Change to main colour wool with a k. row. Continue in main patt. and continue until sleeve measures 5 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 2 sts. at the beg. of every row until 38 sts. remain. Cast off.

NECK BAND

With No. 12 needles and main colour cast on 130 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press each part with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side, shoulder and sleeve seams of cardigan. Sew in sleeves. Sew on band, starting the buttonhole side on the right-hand front. Press all seams. Sew on buttons. Sew up the side, shoulder and sleeves seams of jumper. Sew in sleeves. Sew on the neckband. With No. 12 crochet hook, work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of back opening. Work button loops on the right side of back opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons on the left side of back opening.

END

Life In A Rookery

(*Continued from page* 29)

carries in a pouch at the base of his beak. It must not be thought, however, that his frequent ministrations are regarded as a commonplace occurrence by his spouse; instead, every mealtime is accompanied by considerable cawing and wing-flapping as the proud female rises to receive the delicacies which her husband brings her.

The incubation period lasts from eighteen to twenty days and baby rooks are positively ugly little chicks with an enormous gape which they are ever ready to exhibit in the hope of receiving food. To satisfy their needs is the problem which their father has to face single-handed for the first week, for the female needs to cover them almost continuously during those early days, depending also upon him for food. But the pace at which the chicks develop is evidence of how diligently he fulfils his paternal responsibilities, and it must indeed be a happy day for him when at last his wife joins him in foraging for the ever-increasing needs of their family.

In their juvenile attire the baby rooks' plumage lacks the blue and purple gloss of the adults, but they soon learn to fend for themselves and quite large companies of young birds are often seen flying to and from their feeding-grounds. Their numbers are greatly reduced, however, by the organized "rook shoots" which farmers and land-owners hold annually, and I have known as many as two hundred rooks killed in a single afternoon by this method. Whether such mass slaughter is economically necessary is a debatable point, for while everybody knows that where rooks are numerous they are capable of inflicting much destruction to agricultural crops, in common fairness to these birds it must also be stated that they consume millions of worms and other injurious insects.

The morning and evening flights of the rooks are familiar to most country folk and evidence that these birds prefer to feed some considerable distance from their roosting-quarters. Their flight is deliberate and steady, and they are remarkably regular in the time of their departure and arrival, cawing noisily as they journey to and fro. Before finally settling down for the night some of the more energetic individuals indulge in a varied programme of aerial manoeuvres, while others sit in the branches preening their feathers in the slowly deepening darkness.

END

See what I've got!

Trust our Club Secretary for resource. He's even managed to get a tin of Nescafé! Just a spoonful in the cup; add near-boiling water and there's a cup of stimulating fragrant coffee. Good to the last spoonful, for Nescafé's roaster-fresh aroma is sealed in until the moment you add water.

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I always have some at home—also at the office—so that no matter what discomfort I feel, a small dose of Macleans puts me in good shape... Yours truly, (Signed) A. M.

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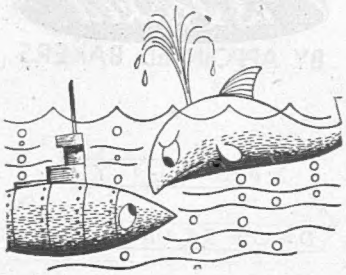

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Problem Complexion

(Continued from page 44)

pores a carefully chosen face masque should be given at intervals. A cream masque is best as it is not harsh in effect on flakiness. Apply it as directed on the package. Tie up the chin with a bandage drawn firmly under the chin. Lie down, completely relaxed, for at least twenty minutes. Afterwards remove the masque with cotton wool and warm water, always remembering not to stretch the skin in the process.

Make-up for a problem complexion calls for a foundation lotion on the oily parts and a cream one on the flaky skin. If the nose is especially oily a special lotion can be used which gives a matt appearance. Two kinds of powder will be necessary: a coarse-grained one for nose, forehead and chin and a finer one for cheeks and final dust right over the face.

END

New Look Figures

(Continued from page 45)

exhale in sharp puffs through the mouth. Some figure culturists claim that this has a marked effect on weight reduction and the encouragement of good general health. This gives a better balance and control of the body generally.

There are some excellent new corsets on the market to help in achieving the New Look. They are far removed from the boned, tight-laced affairs of Victorian days. One, in particular, is made of elastic without any of the "straight jacket" accessories, and it gives a trim smart outline without detriment to health.

As higher heels must be worn with longer skirts let me say a word about how to walk correctly when wearing them. This has a tremendous bearing on figure looks and health.

1. Take shorter steps, walk evenly with the weight on the balls of the feet.
2. Lift the diaphragm as you walk and draw the seat in.
3. Bend knees slightly and don't walk stiffly.
4. Be sure that the shoes fit snugly at the heels and give freedom of movement to the toes. Distorted feet are as often caused by shortness as by too little breadth.

Finally remember to sit gracefully and to move smoothly in such a way as to complement the most feminine fashions you have probably ever worn.

END

In Search Of Glamour

(Continued from page 42)

treated so that the black enamel will not scratch or chip and the gilt will not tarnish. It took me almost a minute to discover that you work the lipstick by twisting the top gilt rim instead of the lower end.

Yardley's full range of nine shades of powder are now on the home market, which is an encouraging piece of news. These include English Peach, Cameo, Pearl Pink, Champagne, Honey Gold, Golden Rachel, Rose Tan, Copper Gold and Gypsy. Cream rouge and lipstick shades are Natural Rose, Cherry, Fuchsia, Vivid, Holly Red, Red Bergundy and Copper Red.

Dorothy Gray has three skin cleansers to choose from. The Cream 683 is specially prepared for dry skins and is all a young girl needs as a combined cleansing and nourishing cream. Anne French makes an excellent Cleansing Milk which removes dirt and make-up and has mild emolient properties.

The most attractive woman is the one who not only dresses herself beautifully and wears immaculate make-up, but who also knows how to make her home a charming background. The Cordon Bleu Cookery and Flower School in London has a very good itinerary which seems to me excellent, especially for young married women. There are seven different types of courses. One is a three months' concentrated whole-time course for students who cannot devote a year's study to a diploma course; a Wednesday evening course, lasting six weeks from 2 p.m. to 5.30 p.m.; evening classes for men and women four times a week; twice weekly lessons; a six weeks' course in cooking and flower decoration; a twice-weekly six weeks' course for beginners. You learn about light luncheon and supper dishes, how to cook fish and vegetables, tea-time cakes, cocktail savouries, hors d'œuvre, salads, curries, sweets, pastries, flans, as well as flower decorations.

END

Ancient Stowaway

(Continued from page 32)

"Good God!" gasped the captain. And then—"Well done, Mister—she's making sternway!"

Mr. Bridle had a moment of grace. "It was this old chap here, sir—he smelt it!" he said. "Old whaling man, he says he is——"

"The Ice Patrol didn't report anything in our track, did it?" demanded Foyle. And Mr. Bridle remembered the flimsy recently brought to him by the radio operator, and thrust heedlessly into his pocket without so much as a glance.

"All I know is, sir," said the chief mate handsomely; "we'd have been split open like a blasted codfish but for the old stowaway!"

"YOU can use my cabin if you feel like it," offered Foyle later, when the fog had cleared and the *Pythagoras* had swung clear of the wide ice-field, which, low-lying, had not echoed the blasts of the liner's siren.

"The owners shall hear of this, Mister—you saved the ship!"

"Why, now, sir, if it's all the same to you, I'll keep on as I am," said old Chine, trying to supple his aching fingers. "If you'd let the doctor find me a smear of ointment, now—and if you'd explain me away to the immigration people—I'm anxious to see my daughter, sir, as soon as might be."

"Damn it, man, once the passengers know about this you'll be the hero of the ship. They'll whack up a handsome presentation. The owners, too—you don't seem to realize you've saved a ship and a thousand lives!"

"She's a fine ship, sir," said Chine. "I owe her something for bringing me to see my Emmy."

And he returned to the spare bunk in the forecastle in great contentment of spirit. One good turn, he held, deserved another.

END

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